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NO. 4
JULY
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BARNEY & BETTY RUBBLE

00006

ALL NEW

The FLINTSTONES' NEIGHBORS

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

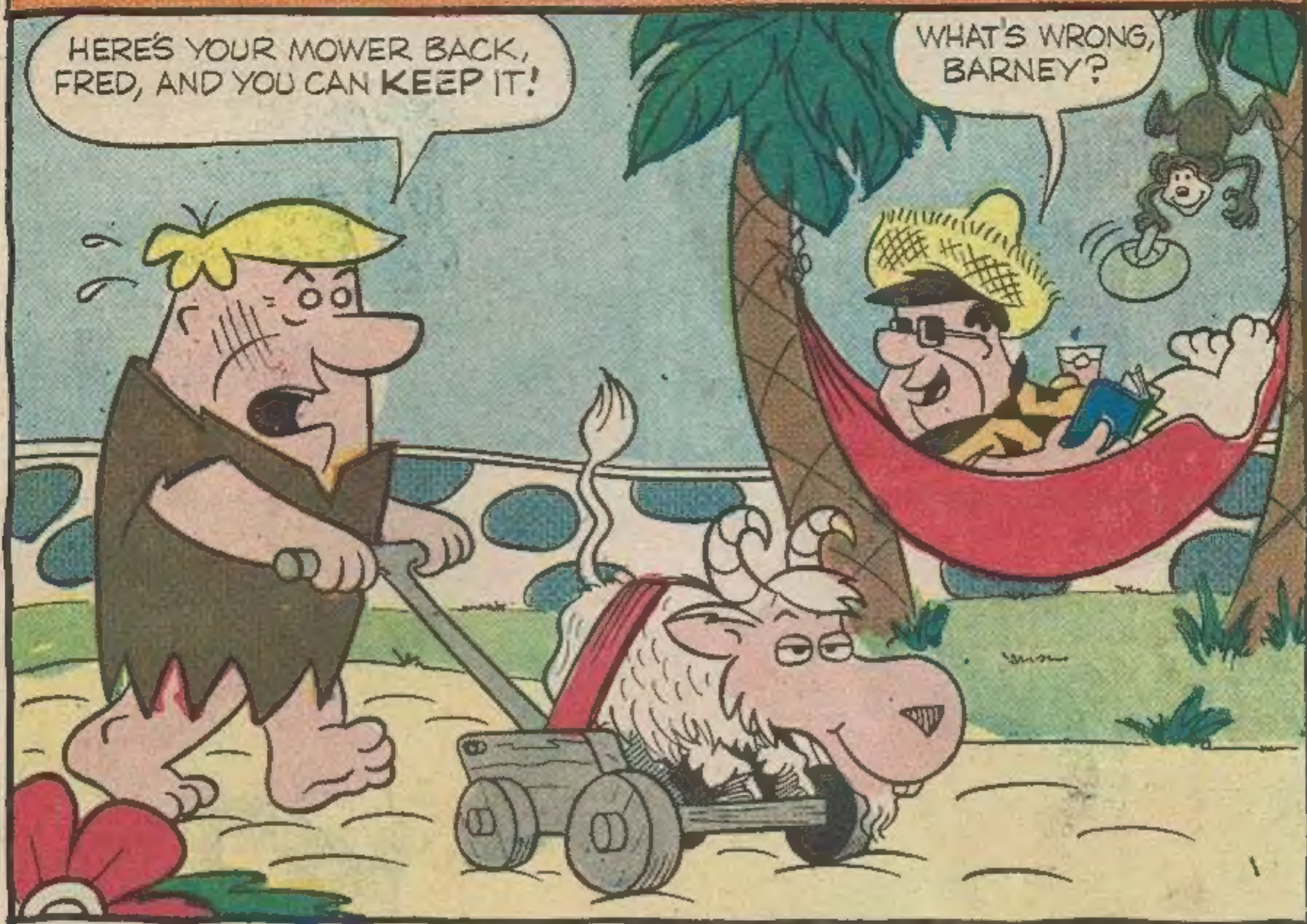
Barney & Betty

RUBBLE

a Hanna-Barbera
Production

Barney & Betty Rubble

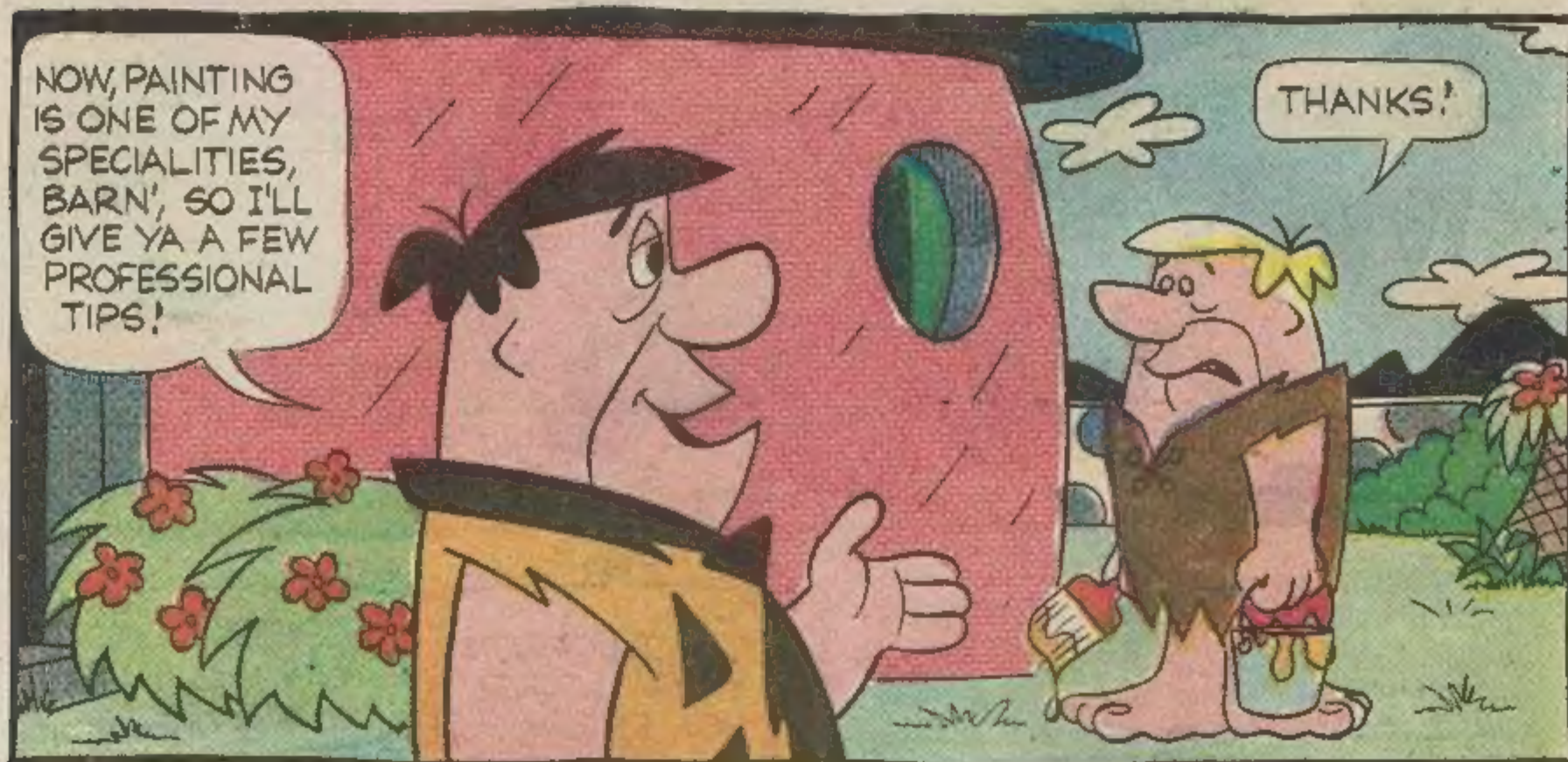
in... A NEW HAT FOR BARNEY!



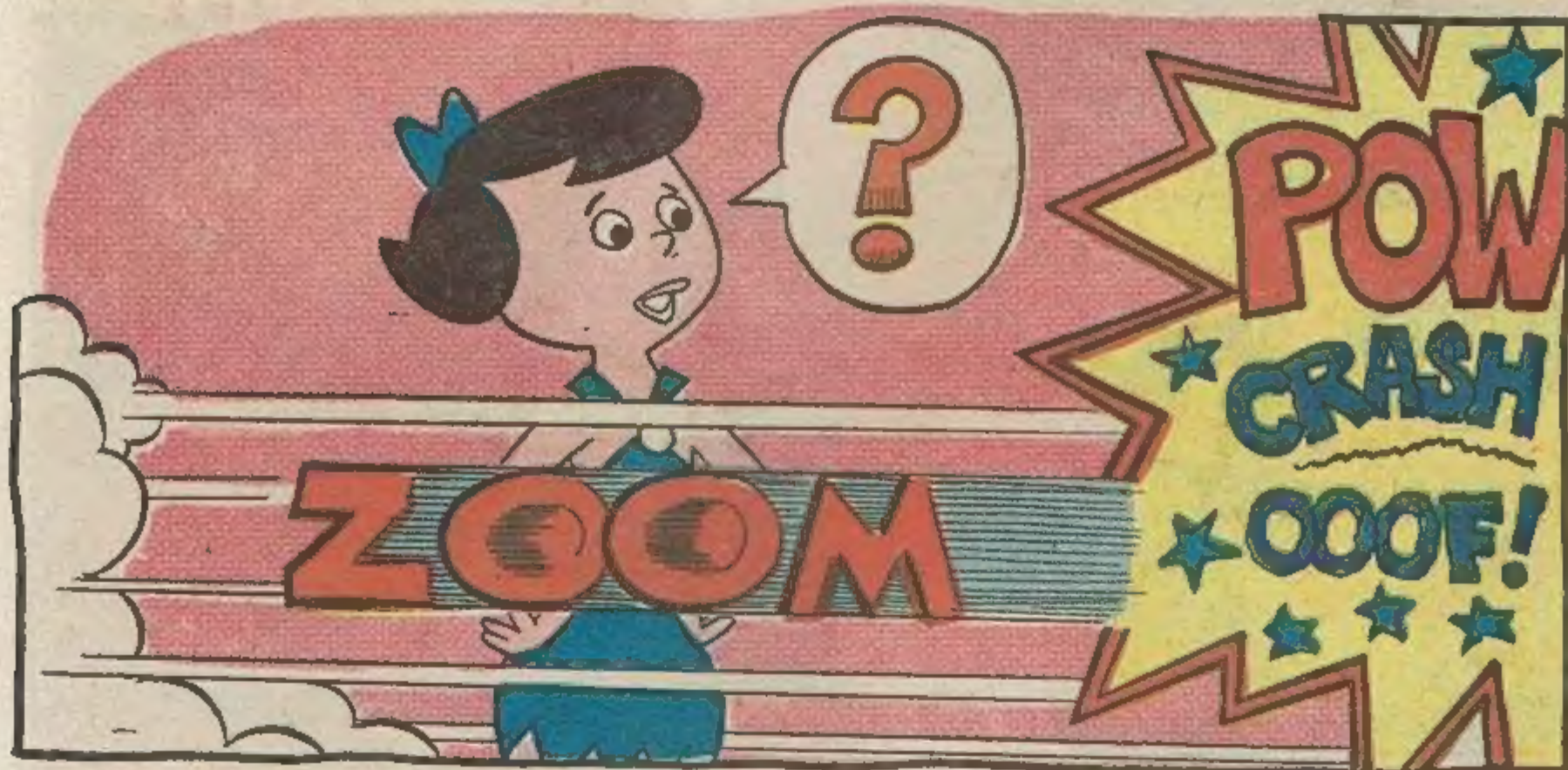
BARNEY AND BETTY RUBBLE

BARNEY AND BETTY RUBBLE Vol. 1, No. 4, July, 1973,

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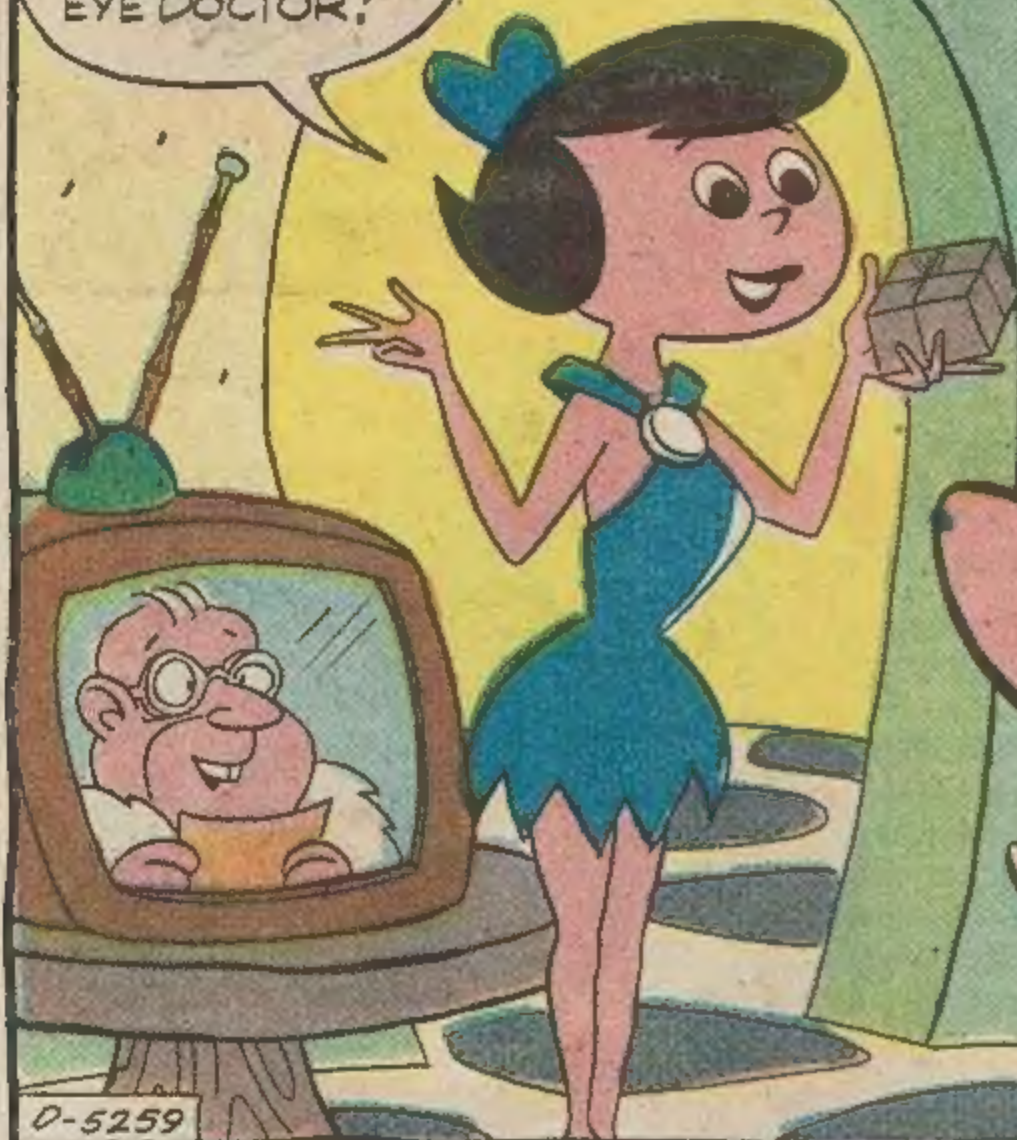


Barney & Betty in RUBBLE

OUT of SIGHT

BARNEY, YOU
GOT SOMETHING
IN THE MAIL
FROM THE
EYE DOCTOR!

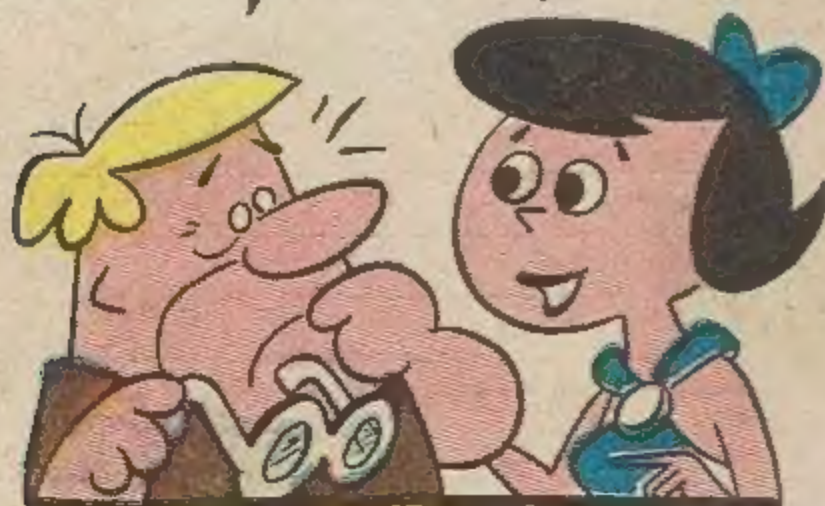
HE SAID HE WOULD
SEND THE
RESULTS OF MY
EYE TEST IN
THE MAIL!



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IT'S A PAIR OF
GLASSES... I DIDN'T
THINK I WOULD
NEED GLASSES!

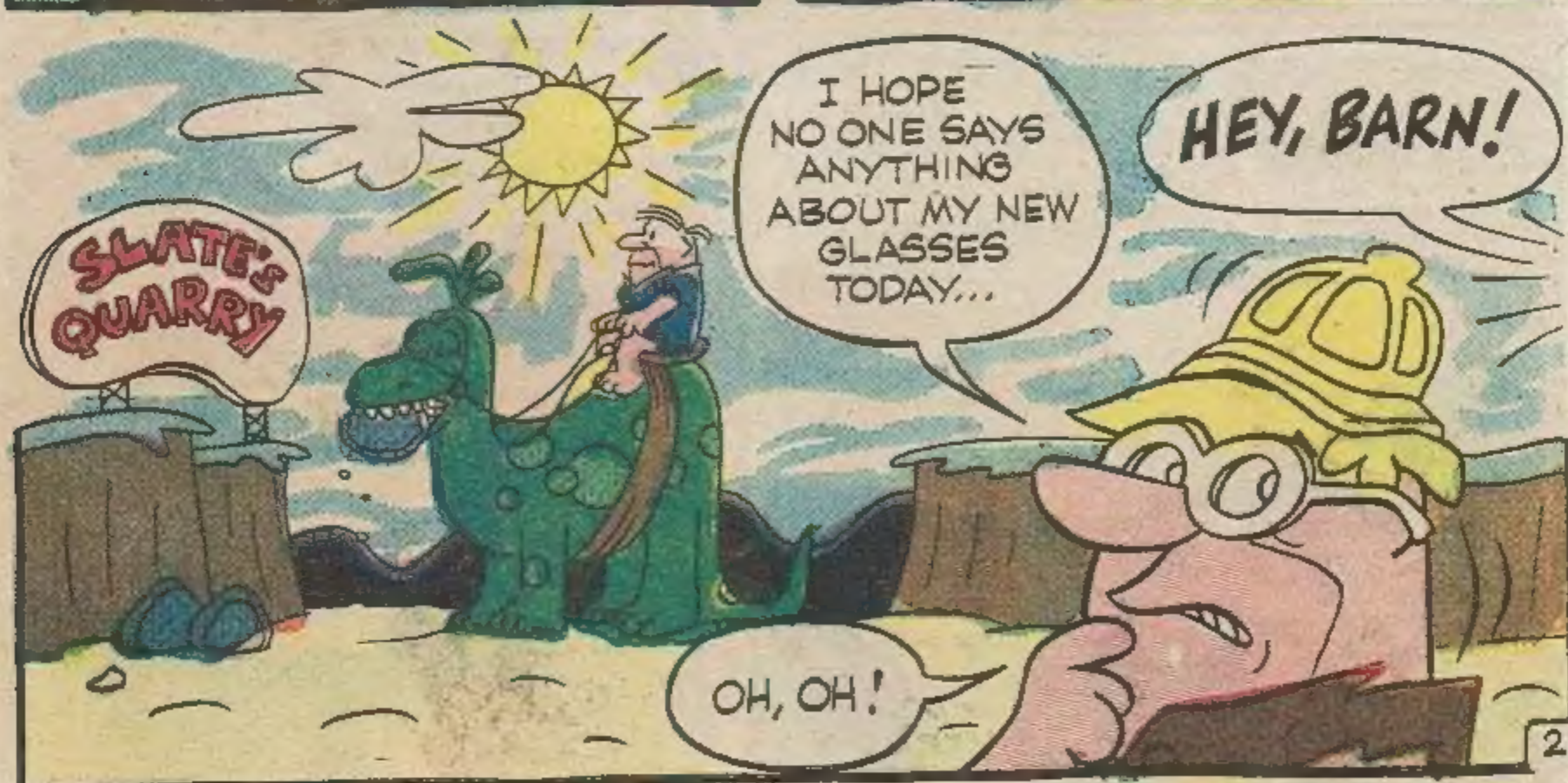
THE
DOCTOR
IS
ALWAYS
RIGHT!



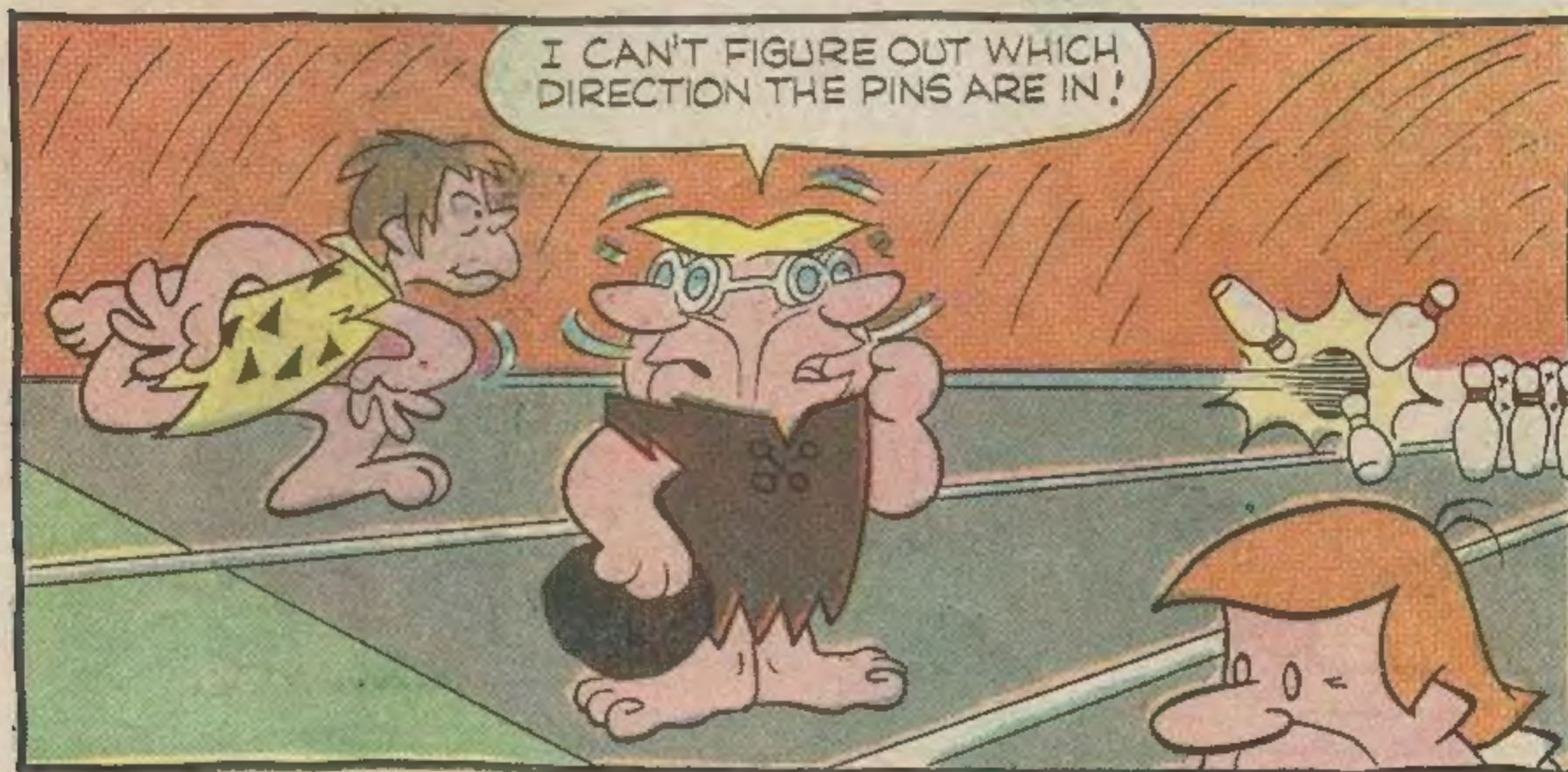
THERE'S A NOTE
THAT SAYS THEY
MUST BE WORN
AT ALL TIMES!

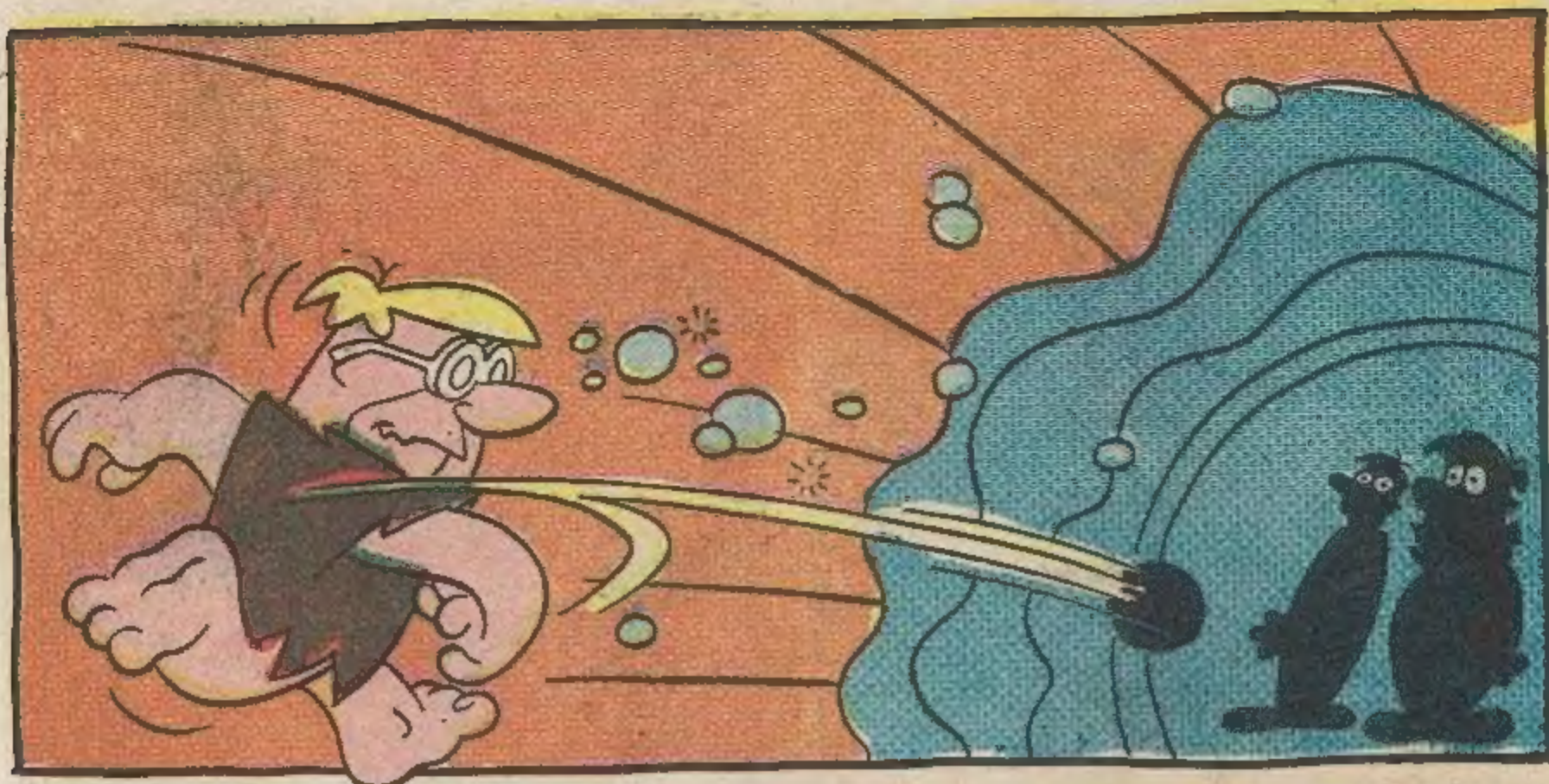
YOU'D
BETTER
DO AS THE
DOCTOR
ORDERS!

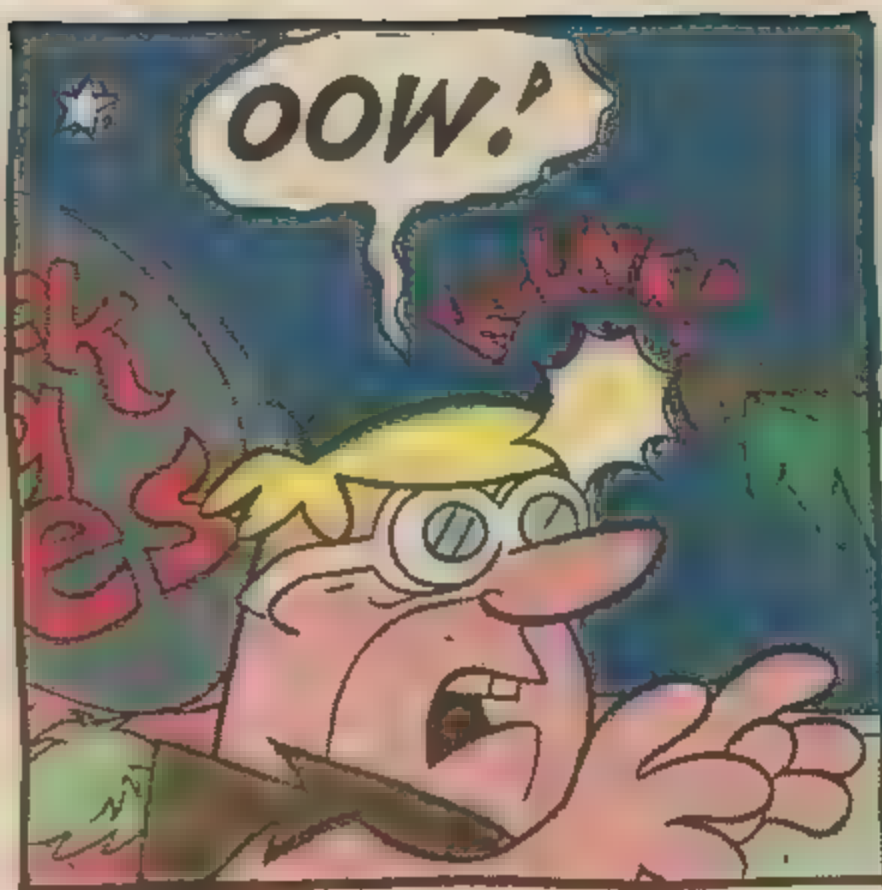


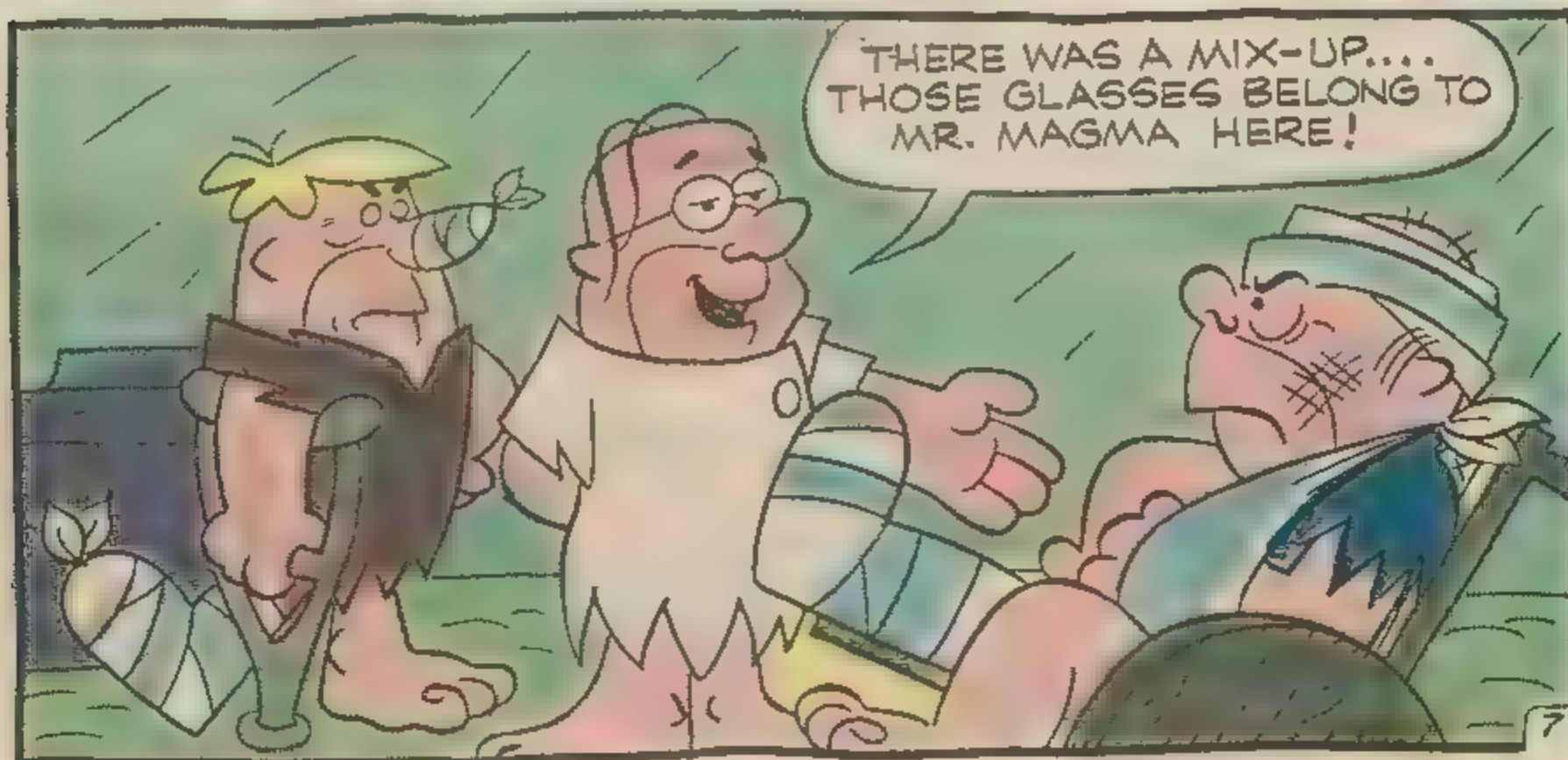
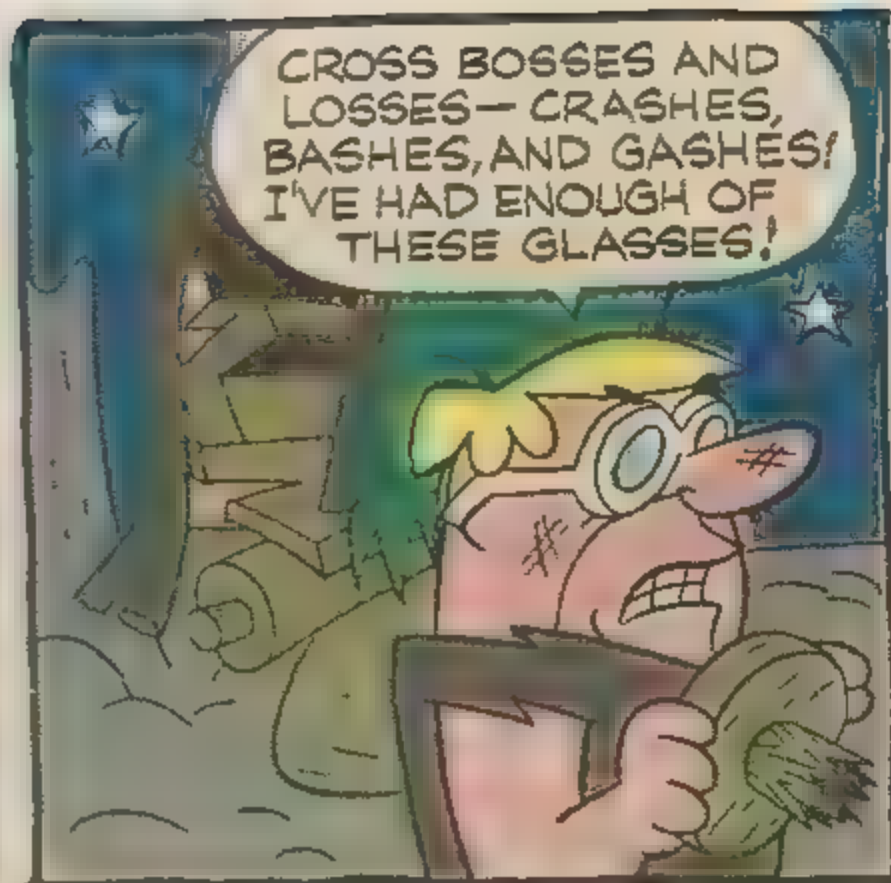
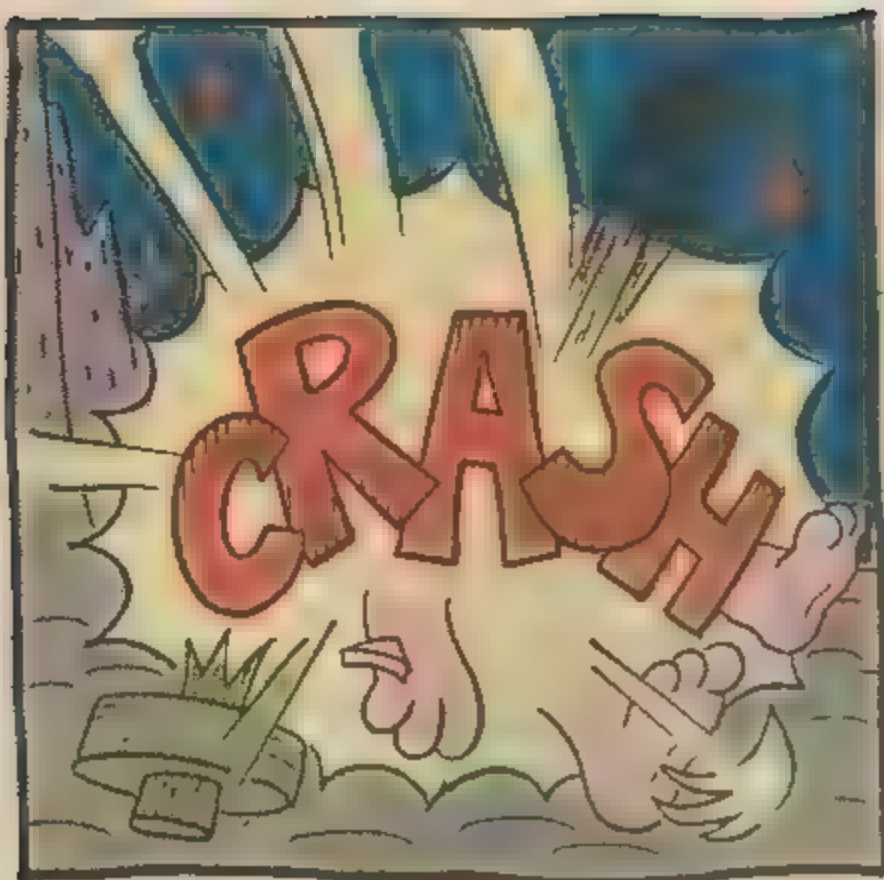


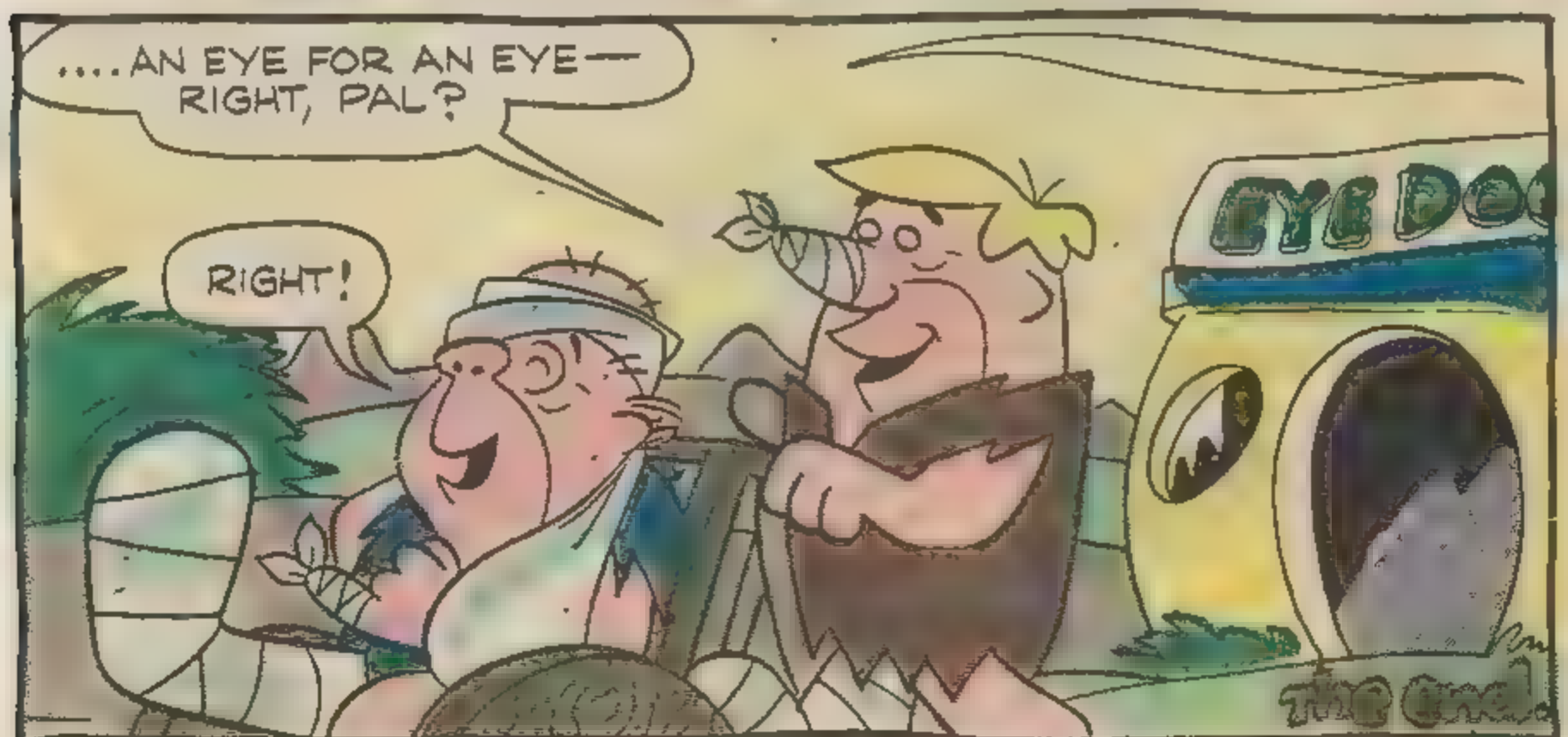
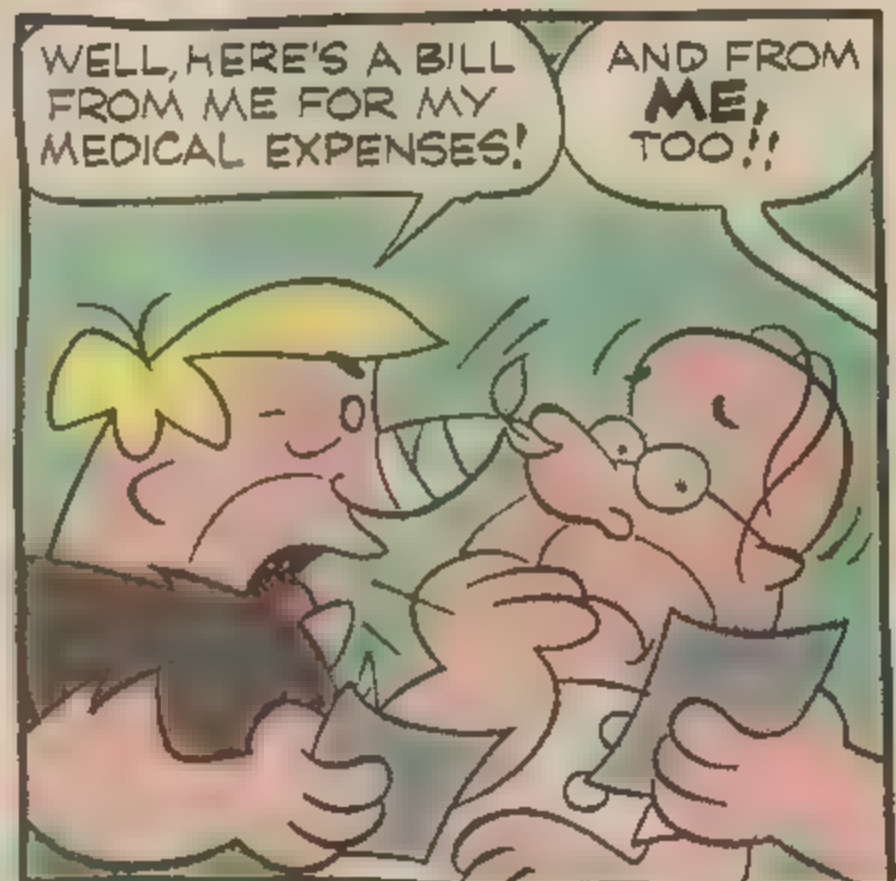
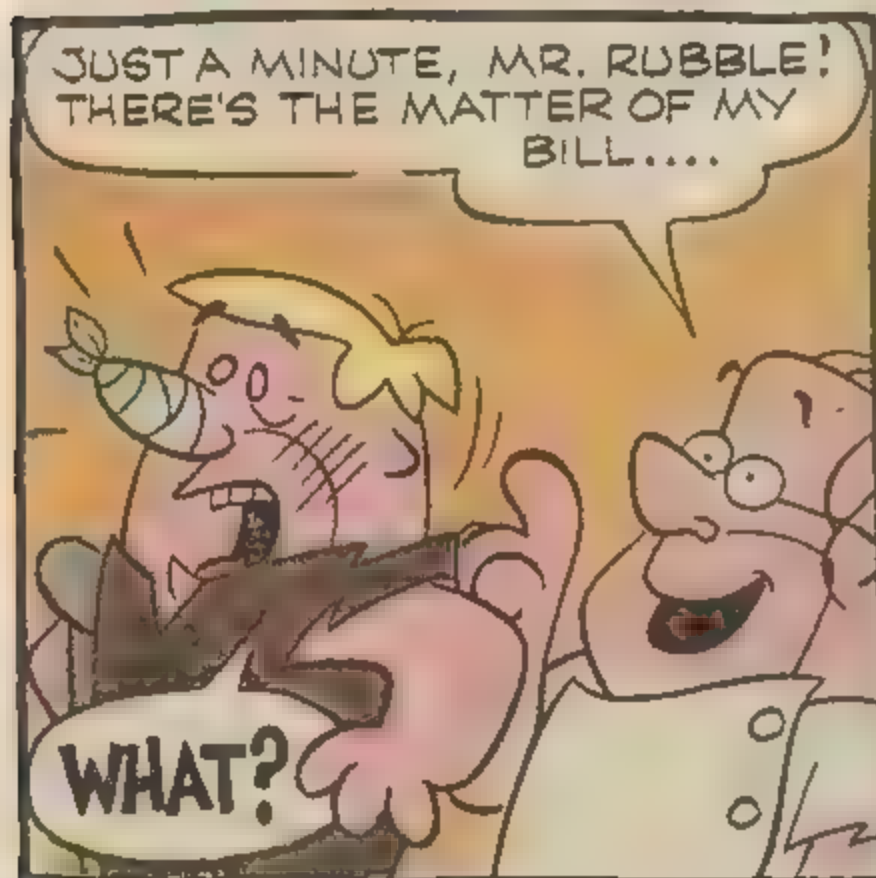
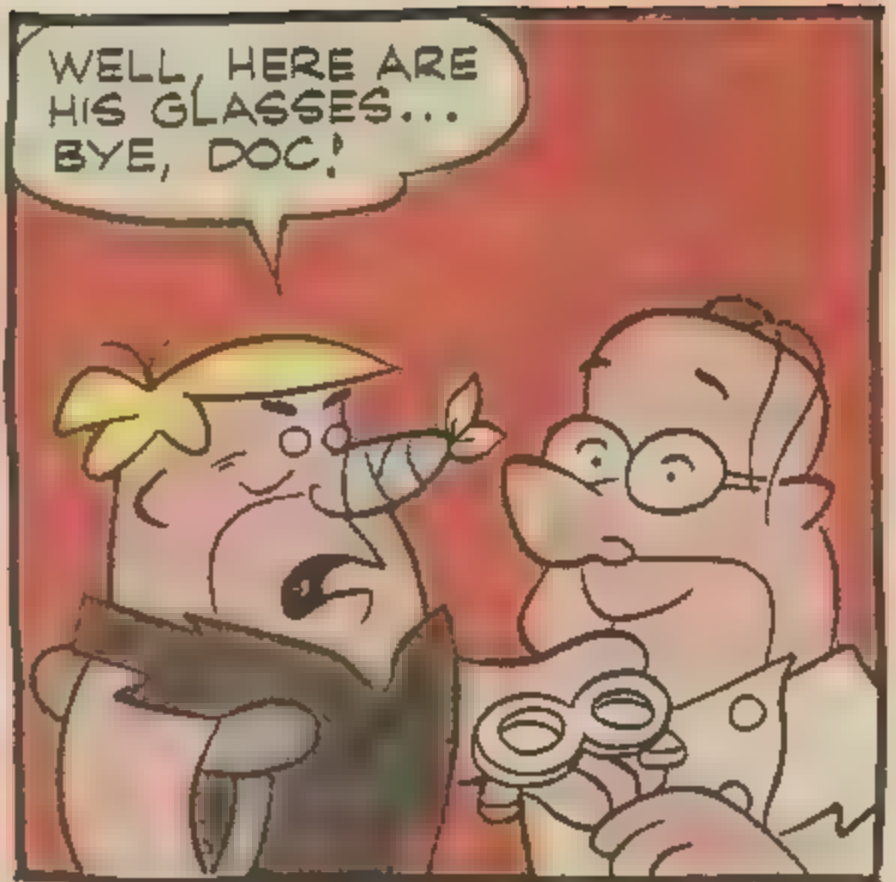
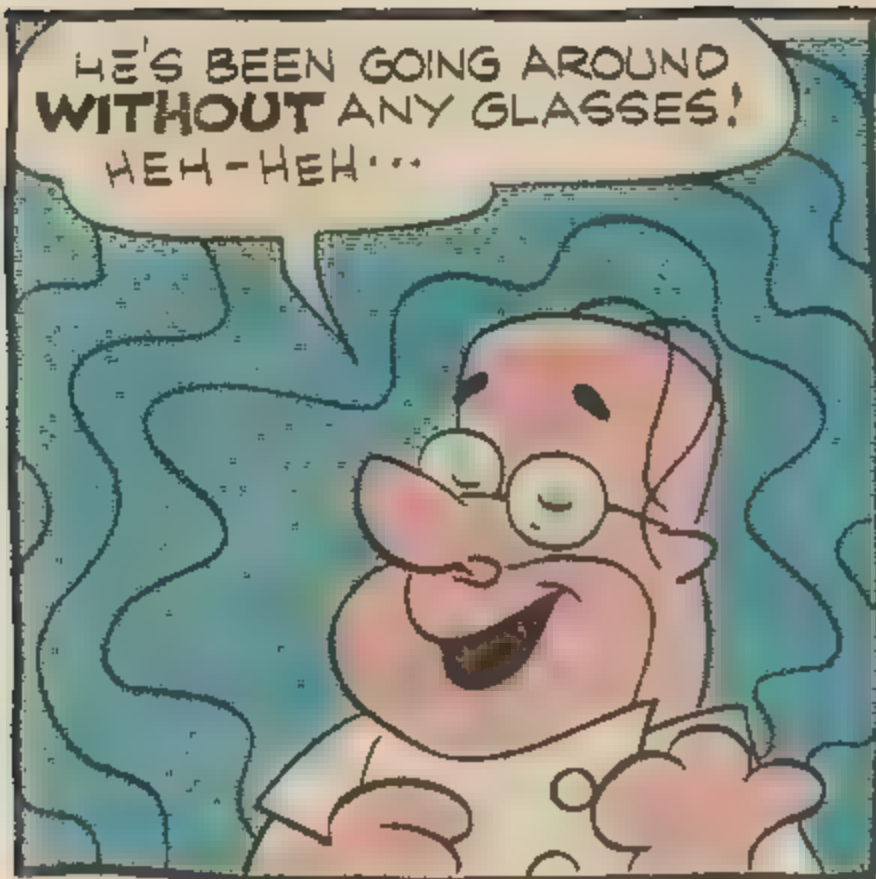












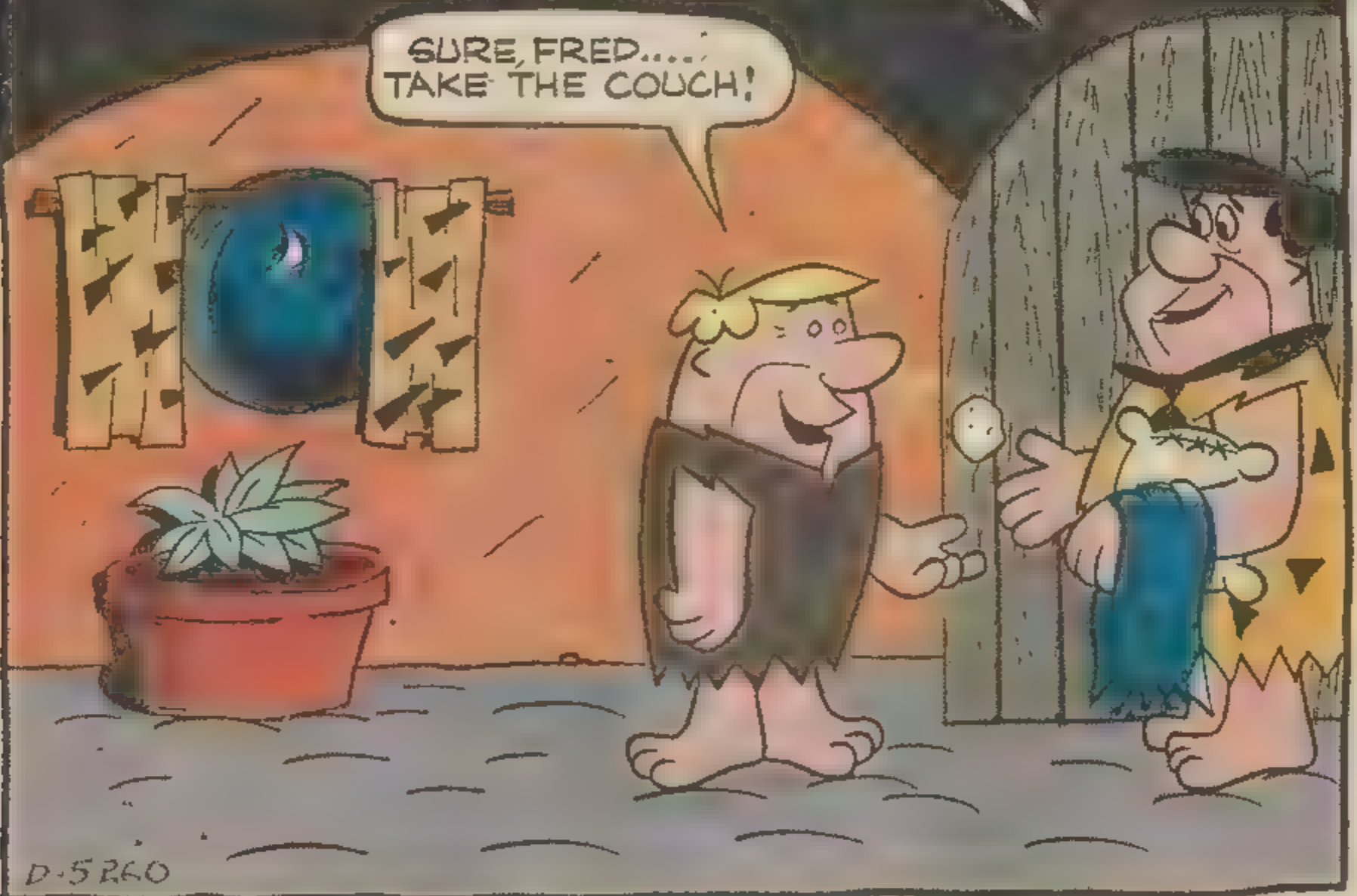
Barny & Betty
RUEBLE

in

THE
GUEST

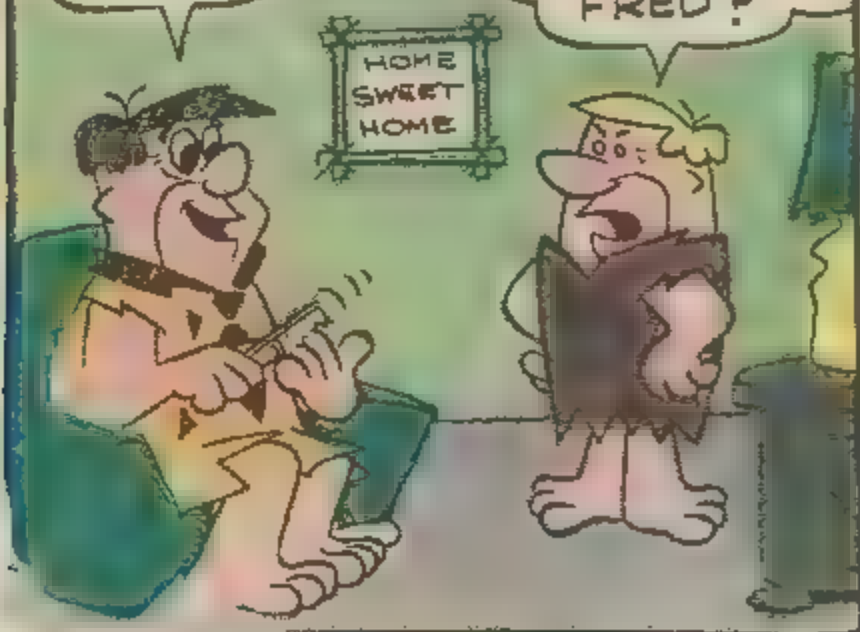
HEY, BARN! COULD YA PUT ME UP
FOR THE NIGHT? WILMA AND I HAD
A FIGHT!

SURE, FRED....
TAKE THE COUCH!



THIS IS REALLY
GOOD OF YOU,
BARN!

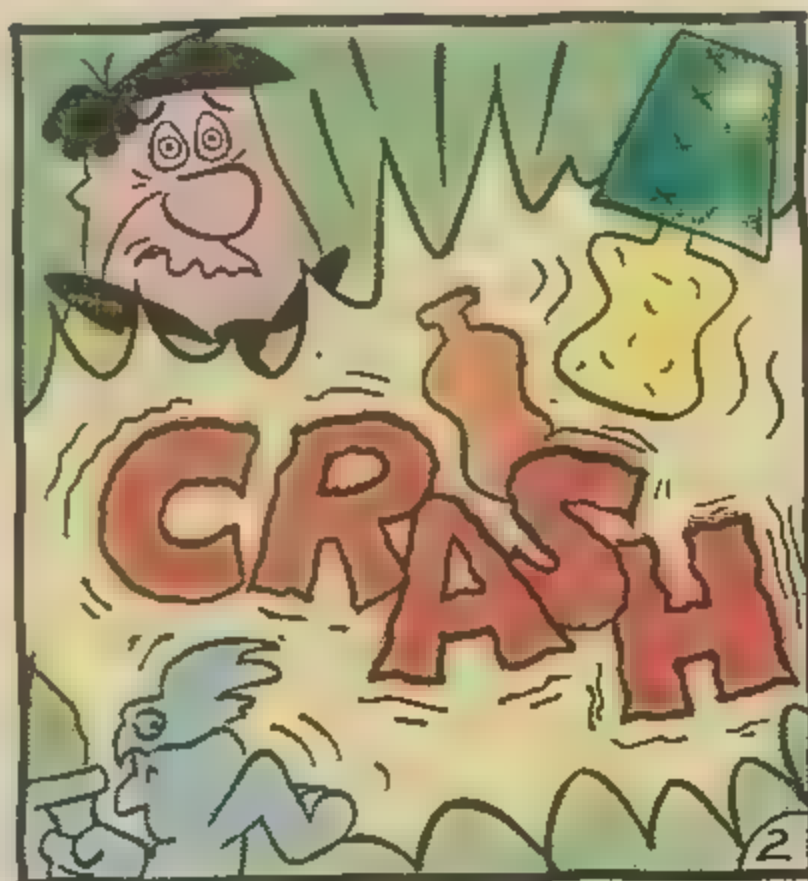
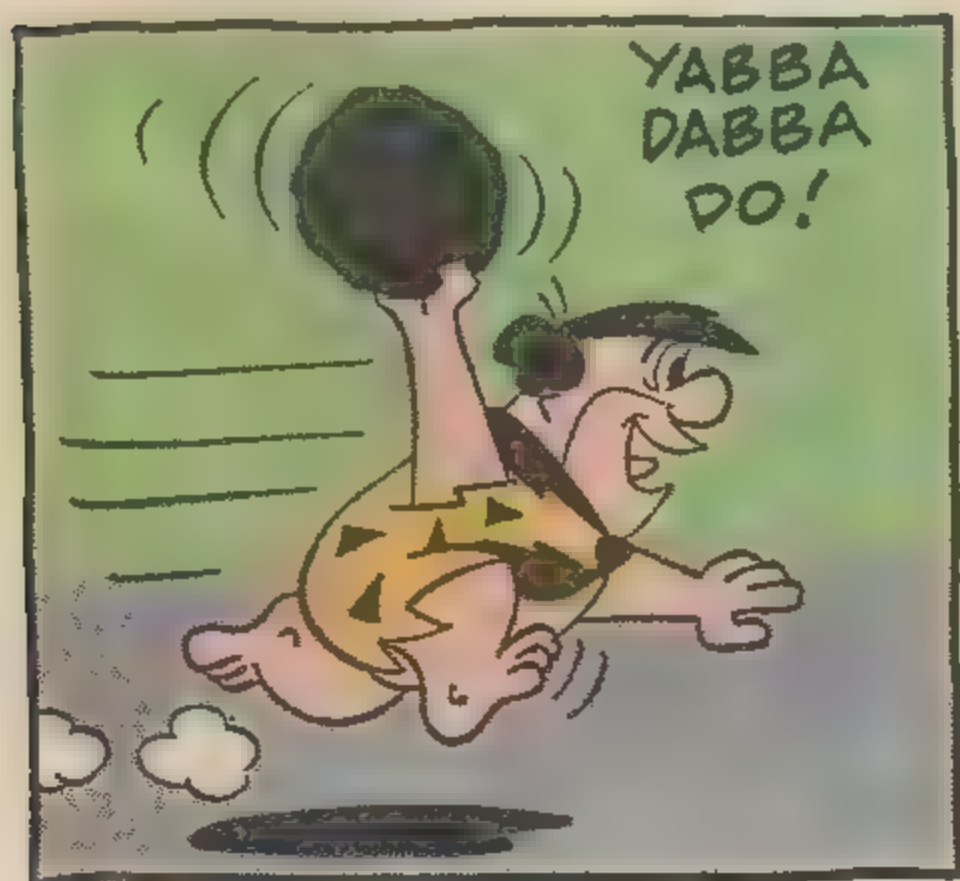
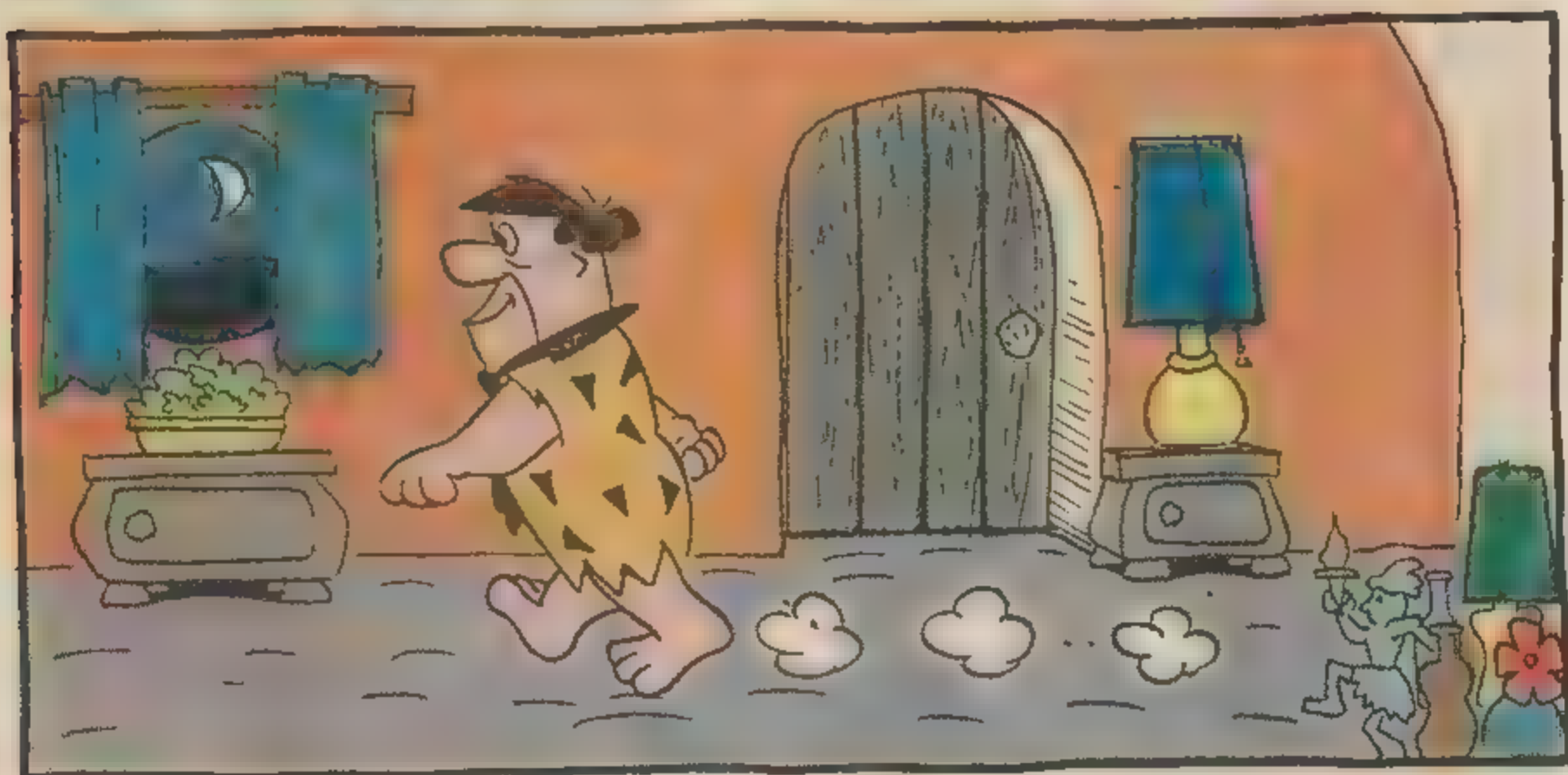
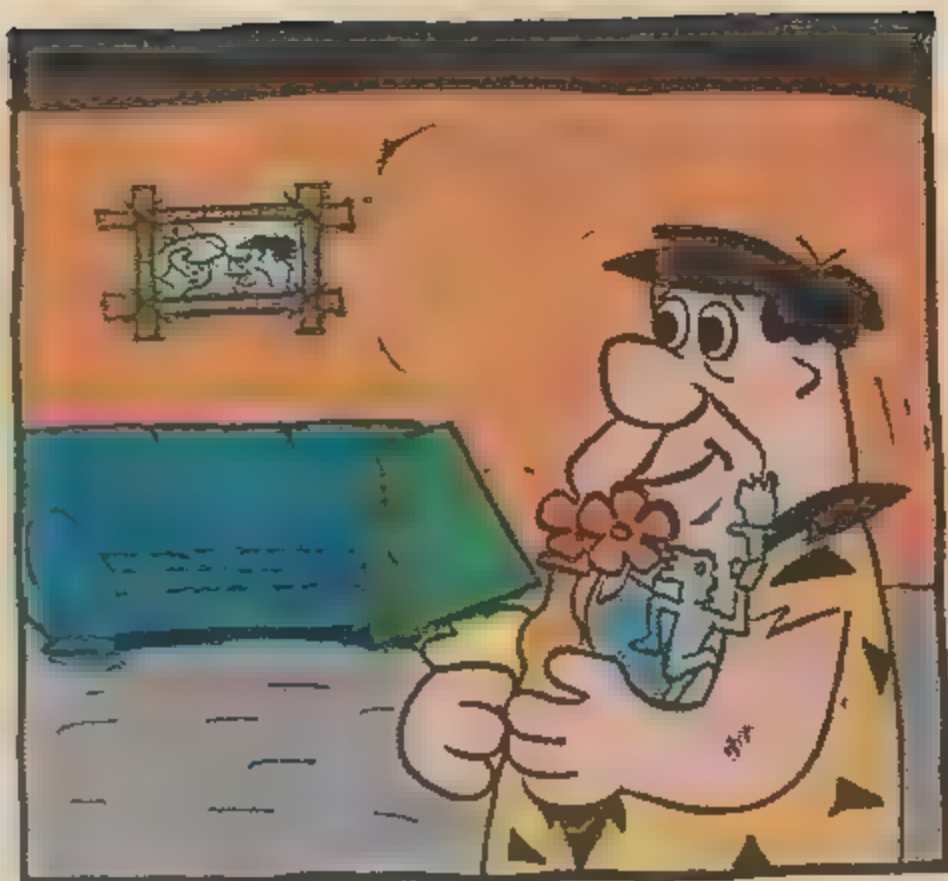
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING WITH MY
TOOTHBRUSH,
FRED?

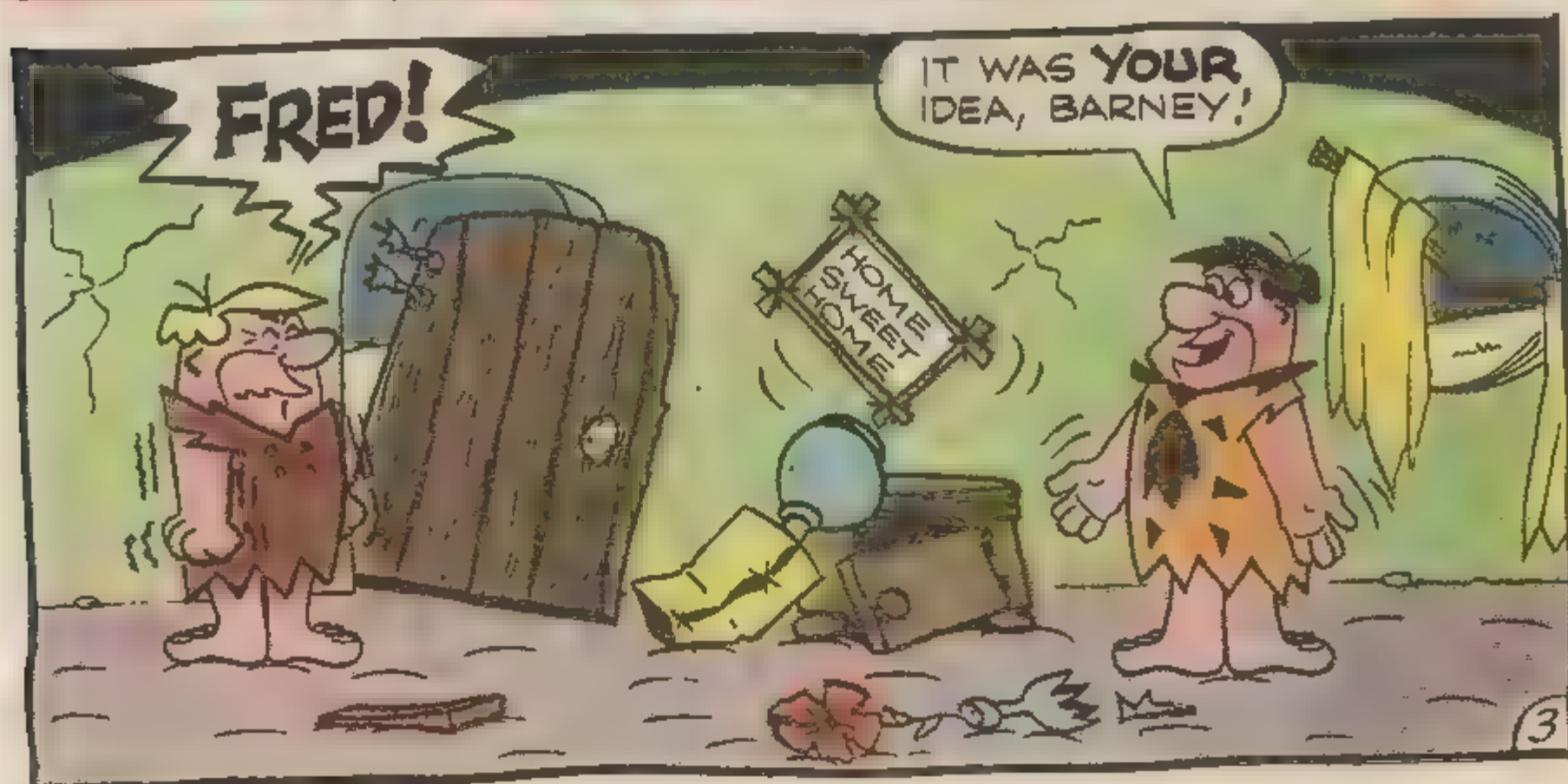
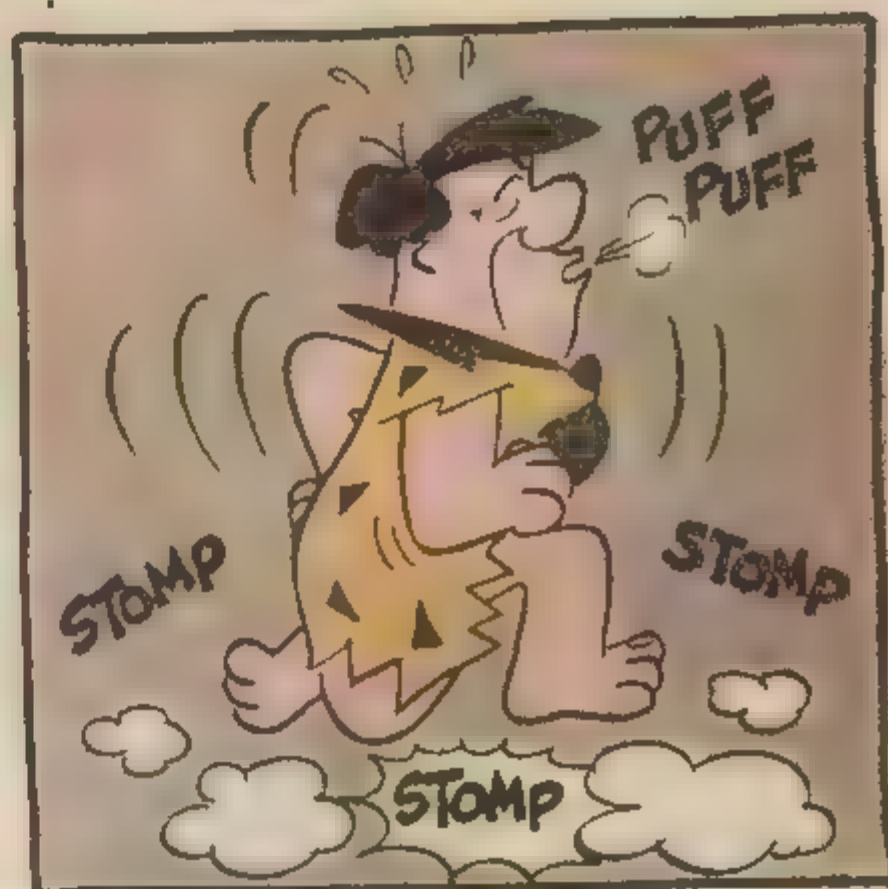
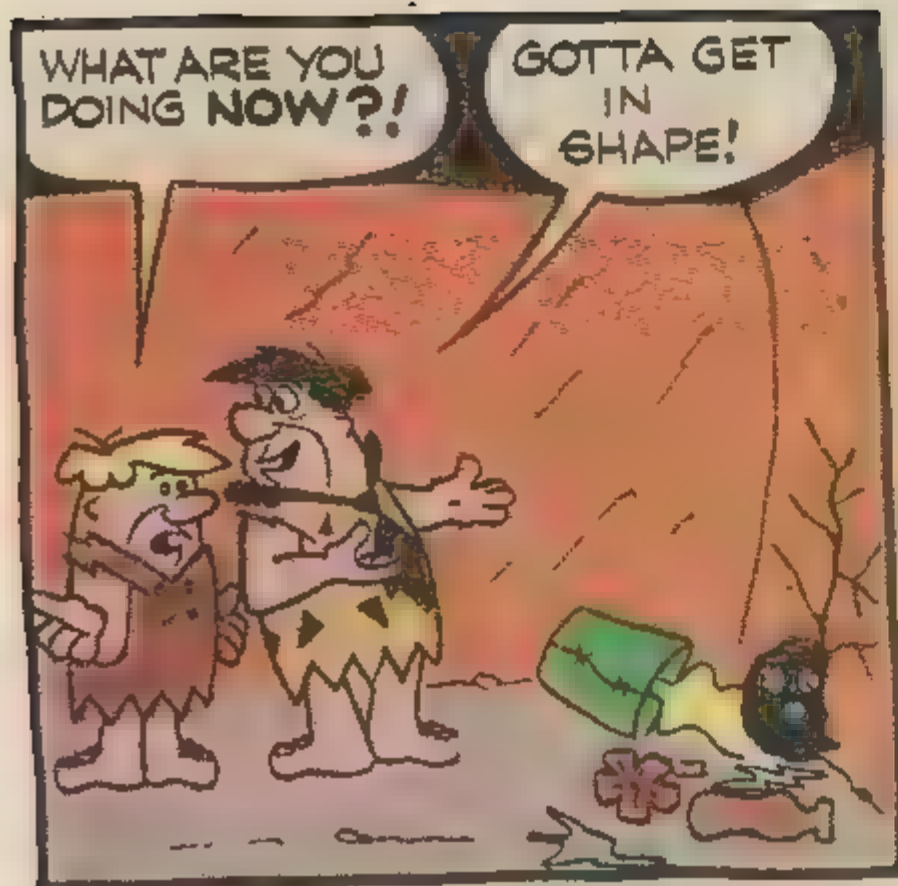


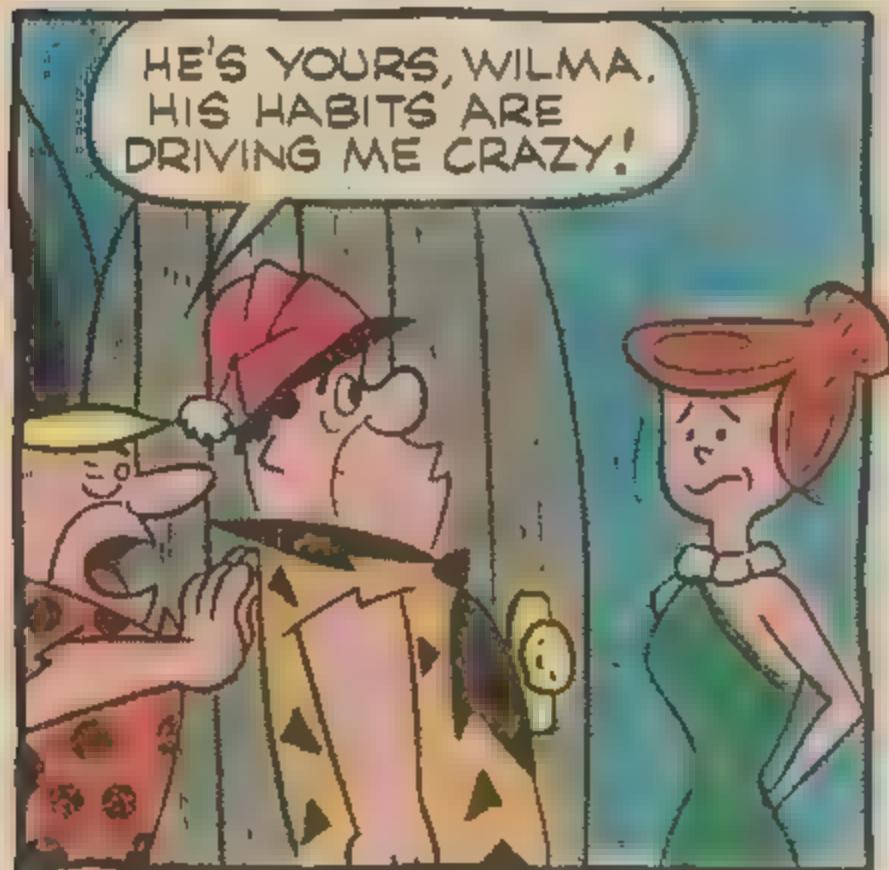
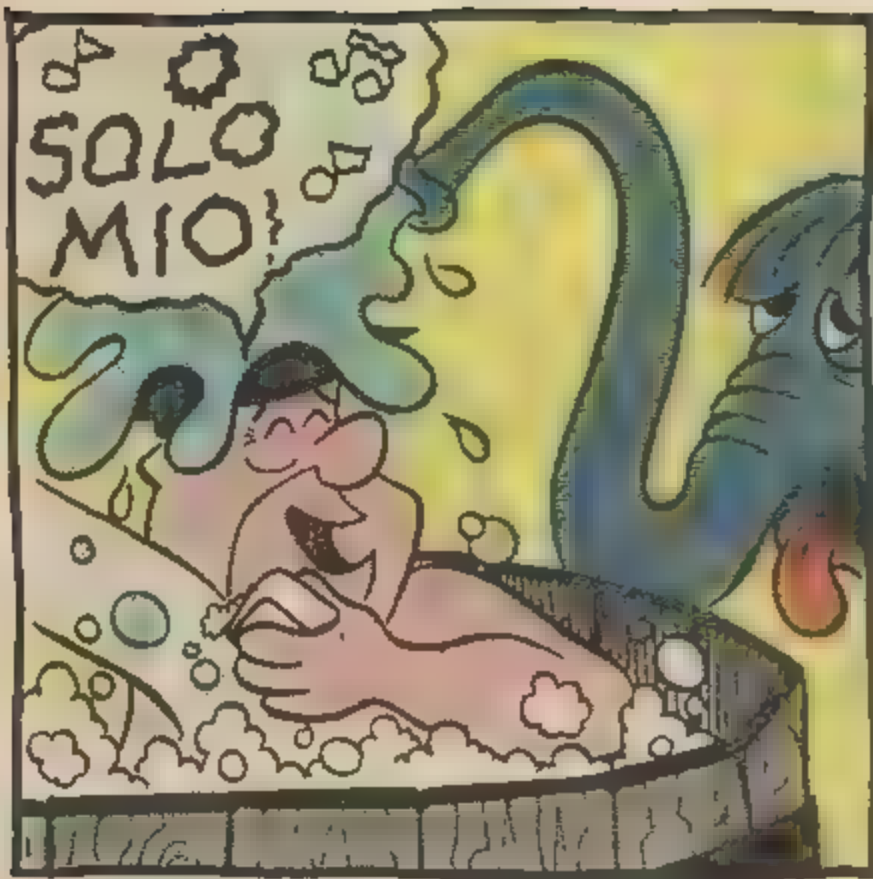
CLEANING MY
NAILS, BARN!

GIMME
THAT!

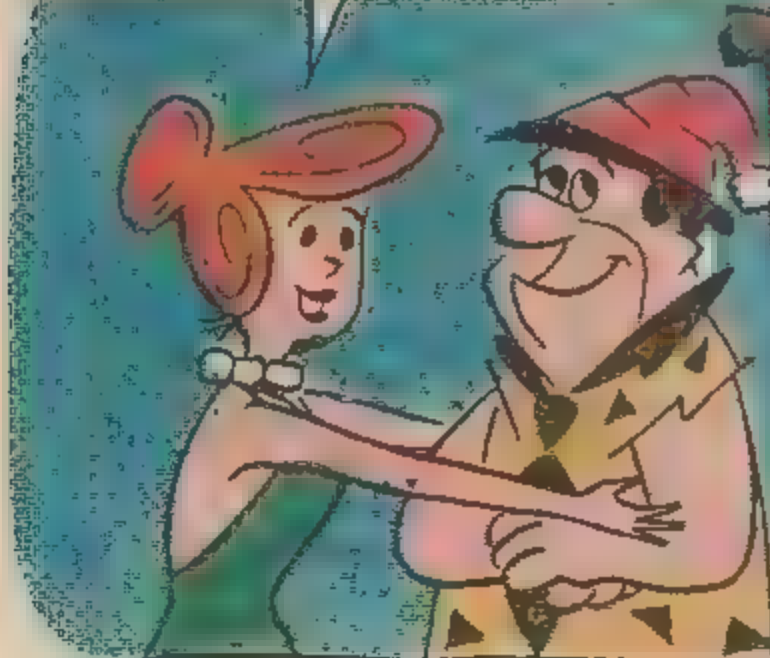




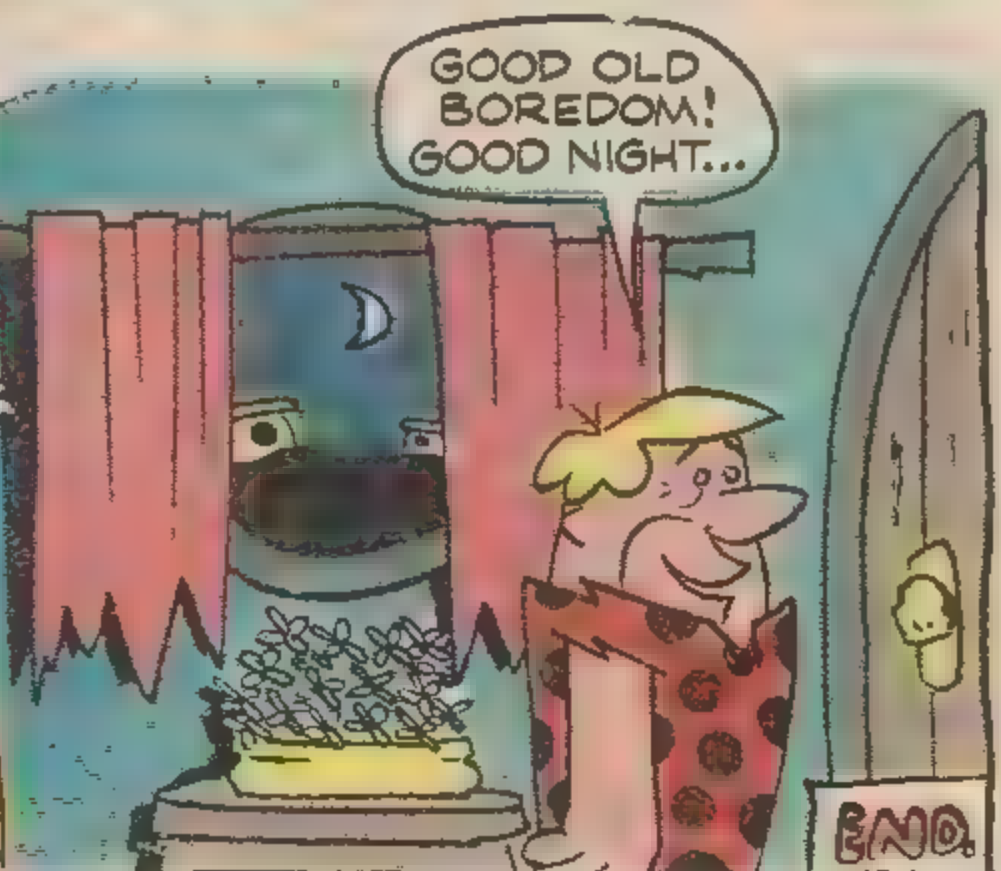




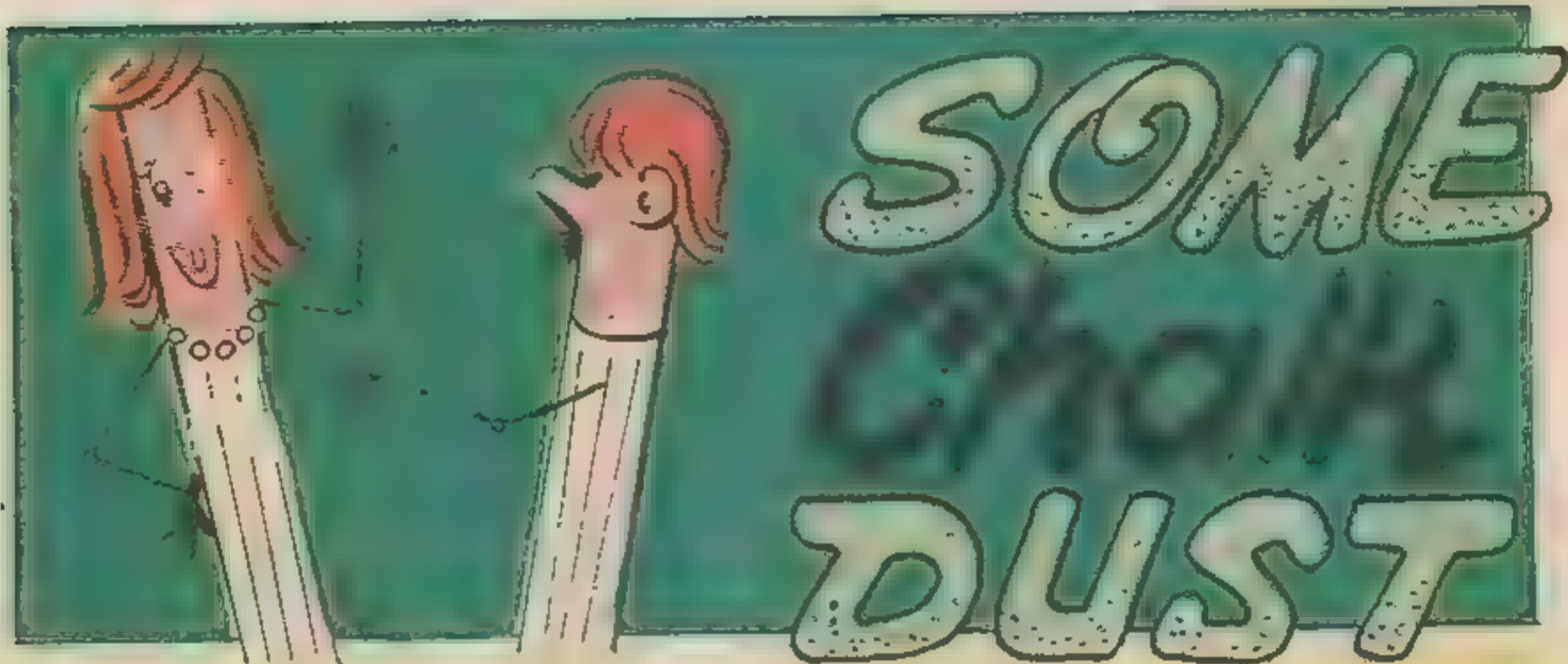
I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK, FRED.... IT WAS TOO BORING WITHOUT YOU!



GOOD OLD BOREDOM! GOOD NIGHT...



END.



My first appointment as a teacher was to P.S. 45. Which was located on the east side of our city. I was young, full of energy and enthusiasm. And I wanted to be a good teacher. I taught there for five years and then went to a Junior High School. Only trouble with teaching was that you came up against a lot of situations which could be bewildering. You were never taught about how to handle them by the Professors in the Education Courses.

I had to learn that a lot of kids just didn't like the idea of telling teacher either. They were unprepared or didn't know what it was all about. The answers I got could either make or remake history.

I was teaching about evolution and also the protective coloring of animals.

"Why and how did the zebra get his stripes?" I asked the class. Hands went up. But Frank looked from the expression on his face as if he were in another world. So I called him to answer. He hadn't heard the question. Marjorie in back of him repeated it right into his ear.

"The Zebra was careless," said Frank. "So he sat down on a park bench. Didn't see a sign that was printed with two words: Fresh Paint. And it was white paint. So when he got up he had those white stripes on him."

I waited until the laughter subsided. Then I told him his mark.

"You get 100 for that answer. Only the number one remains on the park bench. Which leaves you with a double zero."

On my desk was a beautifully illustrated history book. A publisher had sent me two complimentary copies of this edition. So I held up the book in my hand. So the entire class could see it.

"I am going to give this book as a reward to the student who gives me the best answer to the question I am now going to ask. Pay close attention. I will only say it once. I will not repeat it."

You should have seen the eager looks on their faces. And then I gave them that time-honored riddle:

"Which came first, the chicken or the egg?"

Marsha almost shot right up from her seat with her hand waving wildly. I told her to speak.

"The egg came first. Everybody knows that a chicken comes from an egg. Do I get the book?"

"She's all wrong," half shouted Peter. "The chicken

had to come first. Because everybody knows that an egg comes from a chicken. I am right. Do I get the book? Not her!"

Soon the class was taking sides. Half were in favor of the egg. The other half in favor of the chicken. But Danny didn't take any side. One look at his face and I could see he was doing some deep thinking. Then he raised his hand.

"Those who say the egg came first are wrong," he began. "And so are those who say the chicken came first. We have to look to the story of evolution for our answer. Way before there was any kind of animal life on this earth, there was vegetation. It had to be that way. So that the animals could have something to eat. Now what vegetable do we have that is related to the egg? We have the eggplant. So I say that first came the eggplant, next came the egg, and then came the chicken. Teacher, do I get the book?"

Want to know something? I was so floored by his answer that I gave him the book. This all took place on a Monday morning. On Thursday I received a note from the principal. Asking me to step into his office at my leisure. He was full of smiles. On his desk was a letter.

"You have Daniel Gallow in your class," he began. "His father is a member of the city council. There is the letter he wrote to me. Praising you to the skies. The first teacher to recognize and appreciate the intelligence of his son. He thanks you for the present you gave his son. He has enclosed two tickets for you. So you can go to the Mayor's dinner this coming Saturday night as his guest. Needless to say, I am very proud of what you did."

Fortunately neither the principal nor the father, when I did meet him, ever asked me just what the question I asked was. Not what was the answer that Danny (or Daniel to you) gave.

Of course, as a teacher I did make mistakes. One was terrible. I just couldn't see how Jerry could give me such a dumb answer. So I said to him:

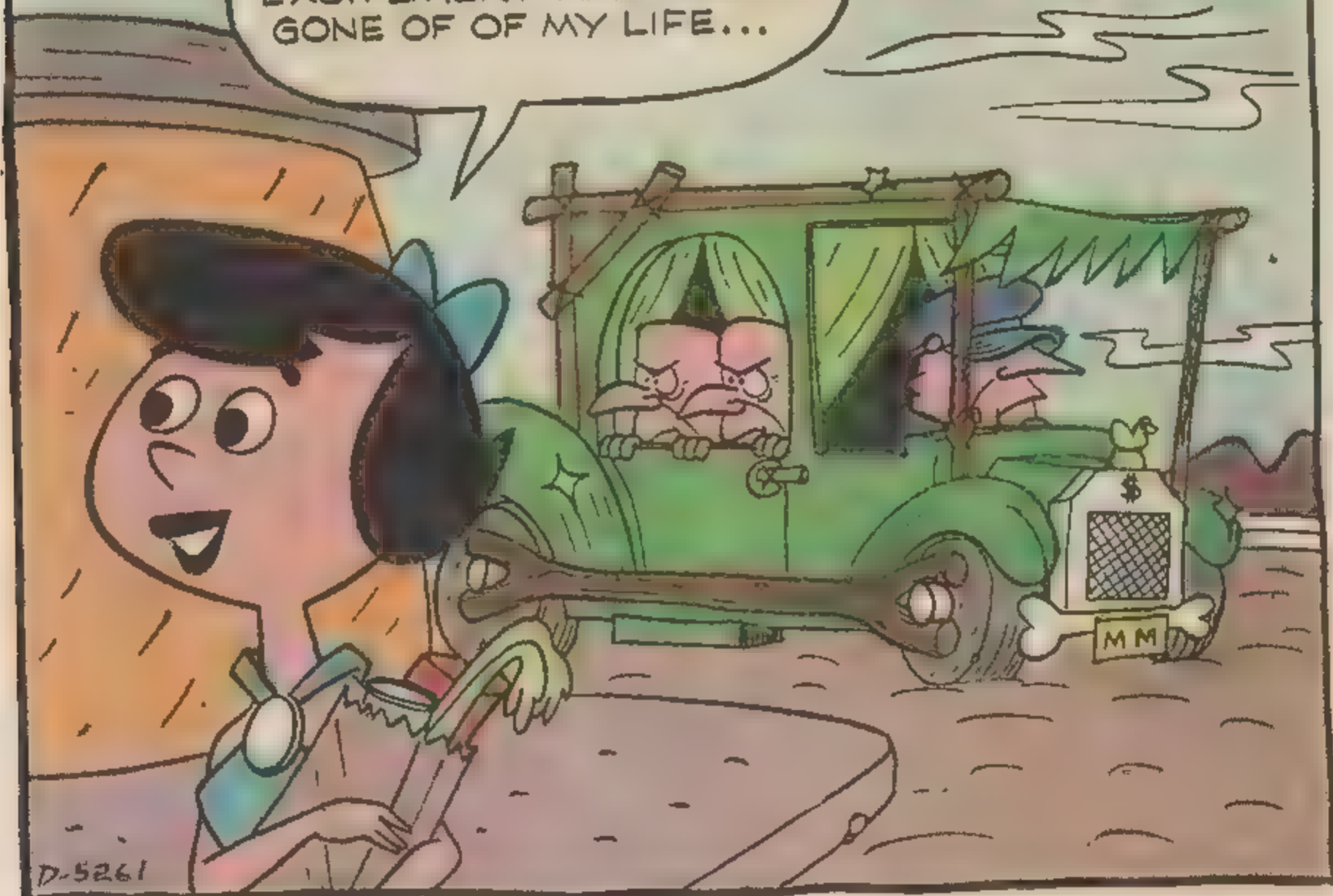
"You must have a hole in your head!" That was all I said. But the next day his mother came to see me.

"Jerry was hurt in an accident. He has a hole in his skull covered with a silver plate. I don't know how you learned about it. Please do me a favor. Don't ever mention it again."

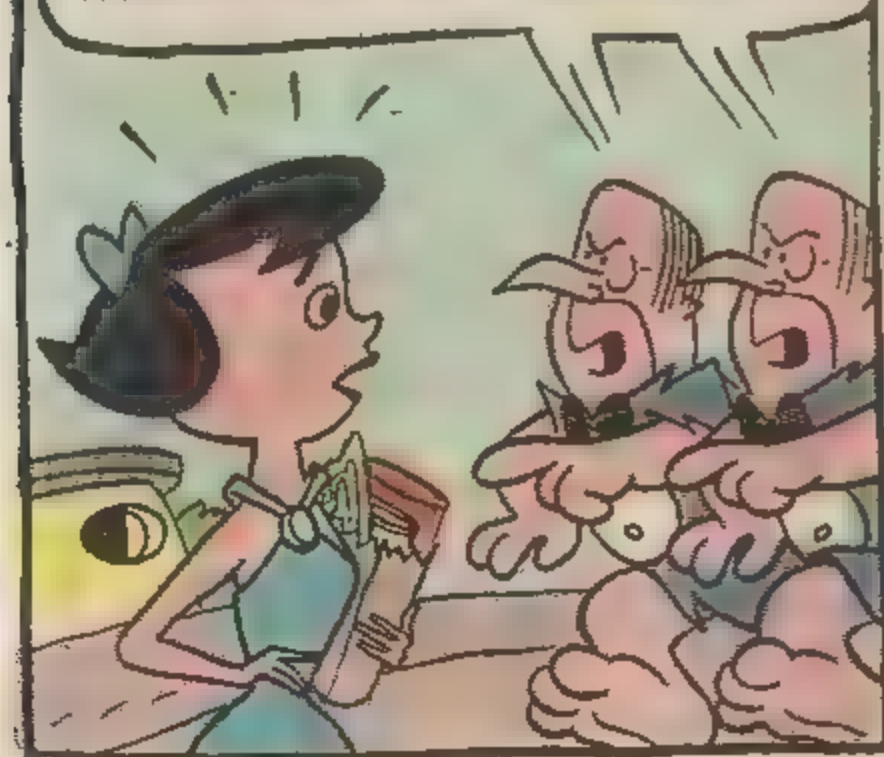
Barny & Betty
PUZZLE

SCHEME FOR A DAY!

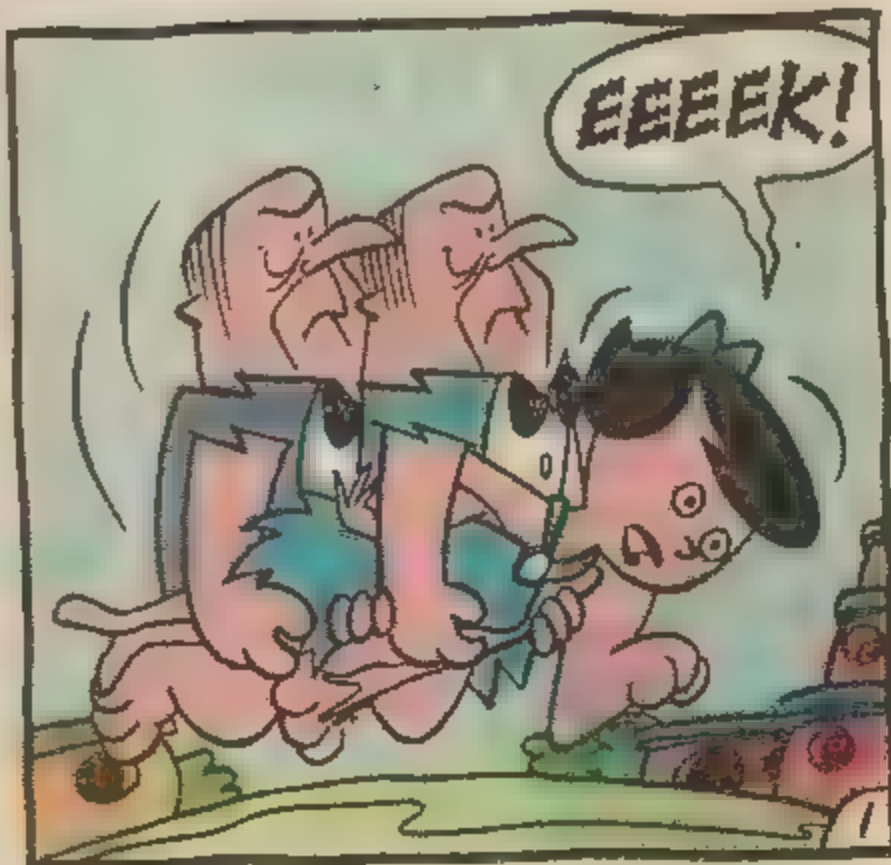
ANOTHER BORING DAY
OF SHOPPING.... THE
EXCITEMENT HAS REALLY
GONE OF OF MY LIFE...

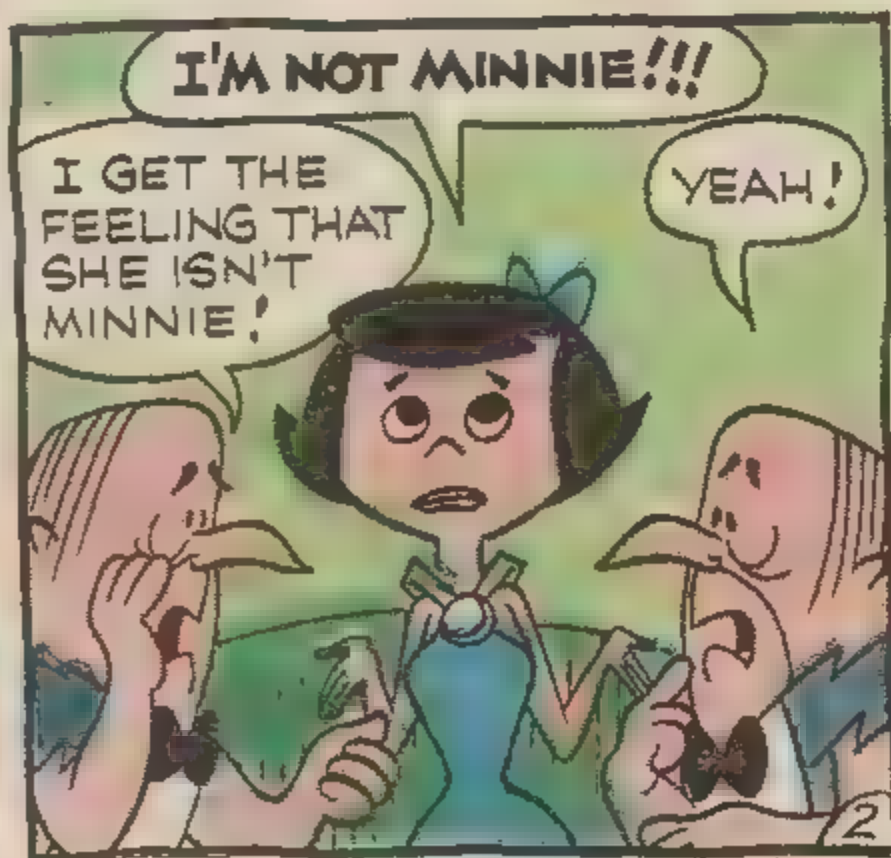
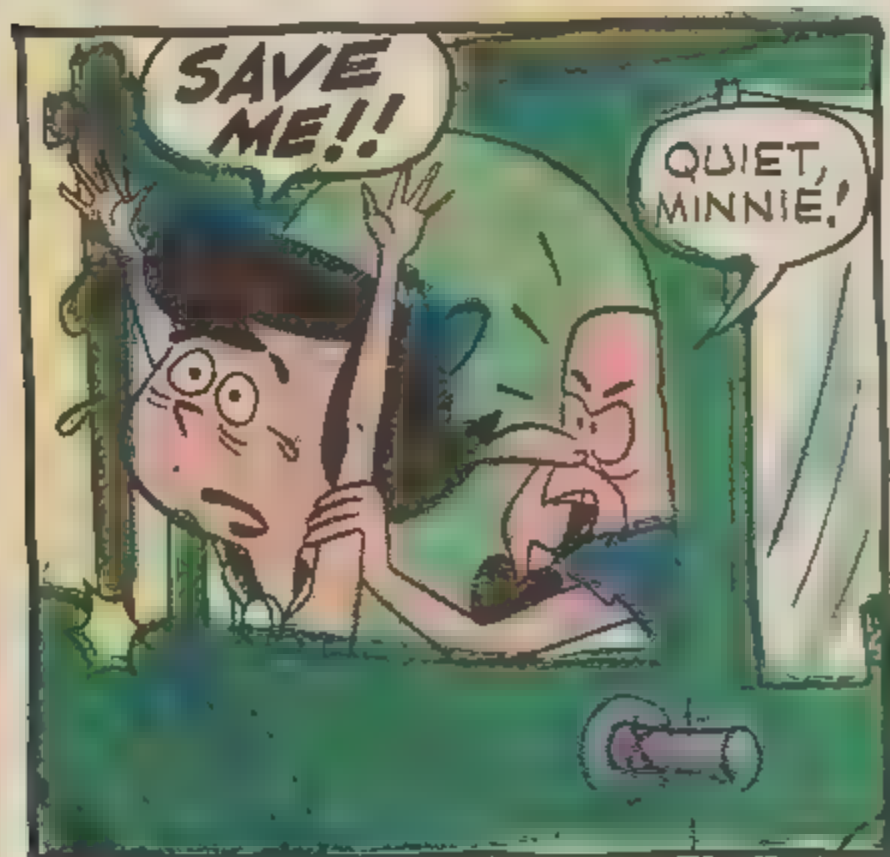
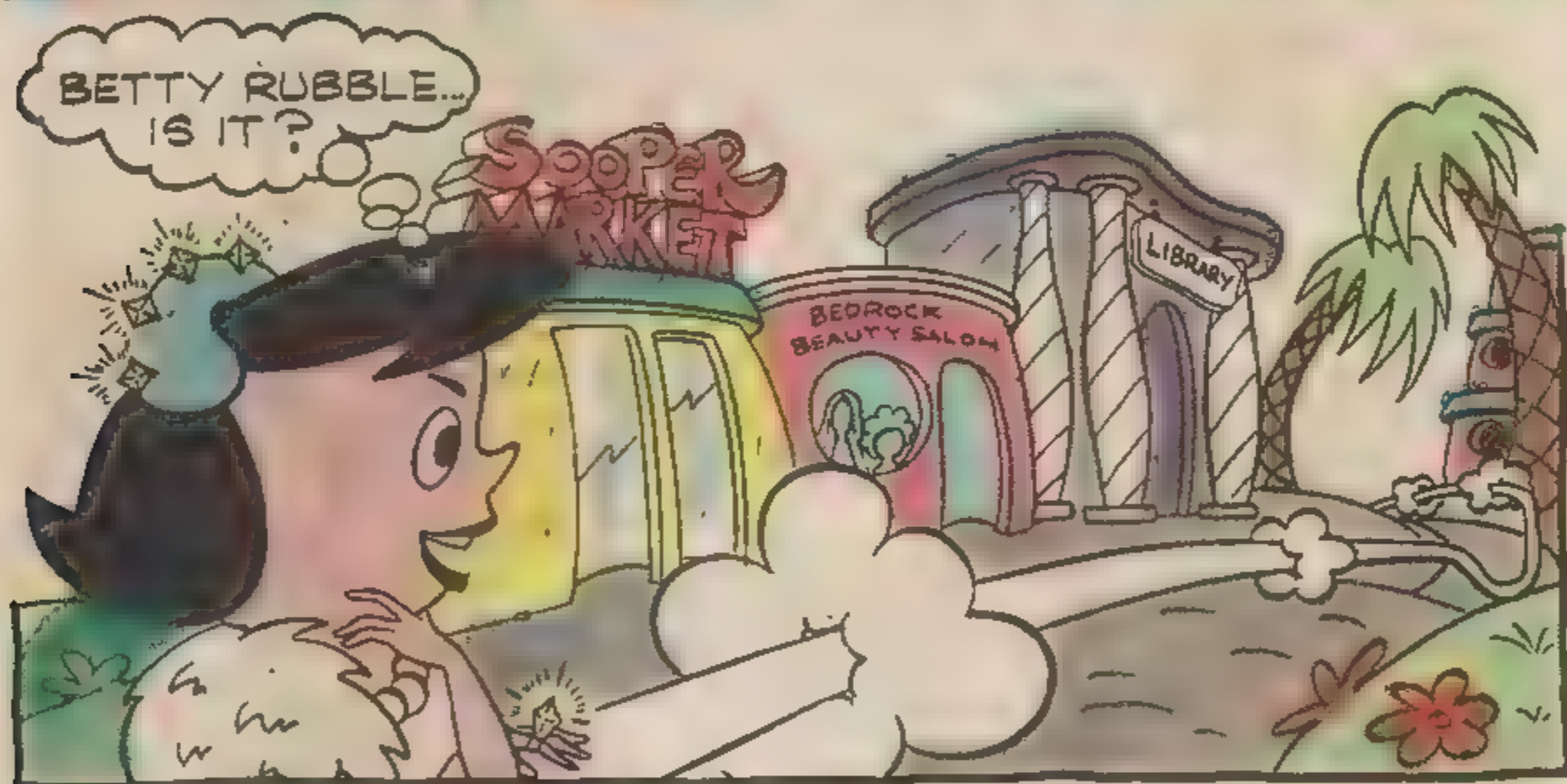
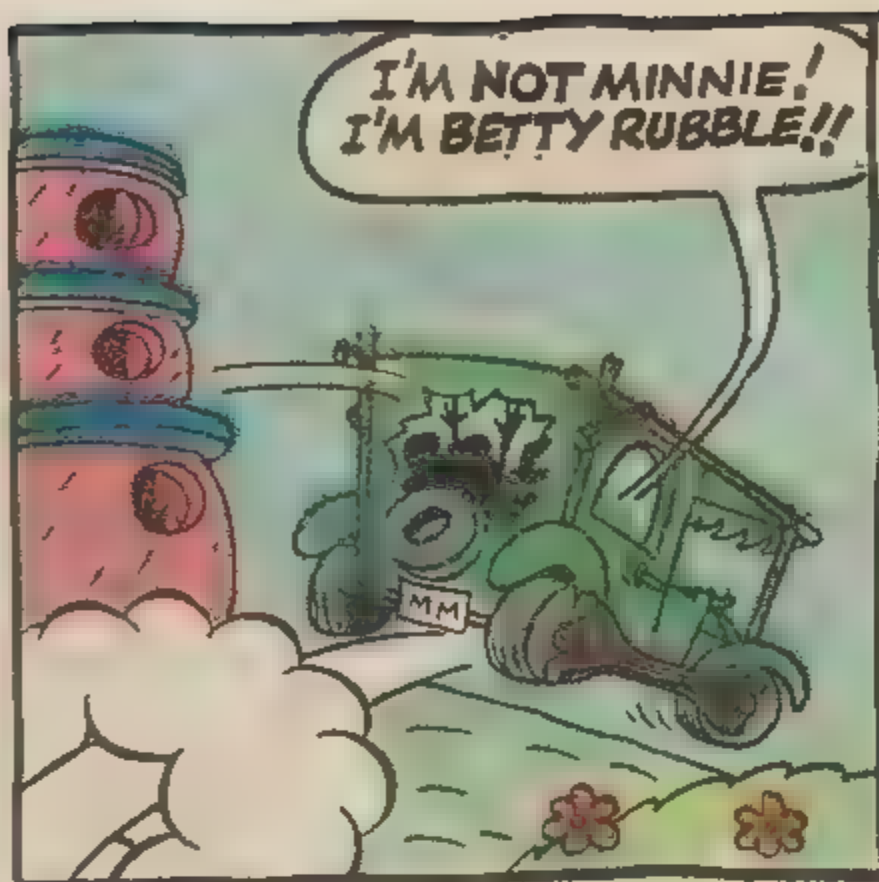
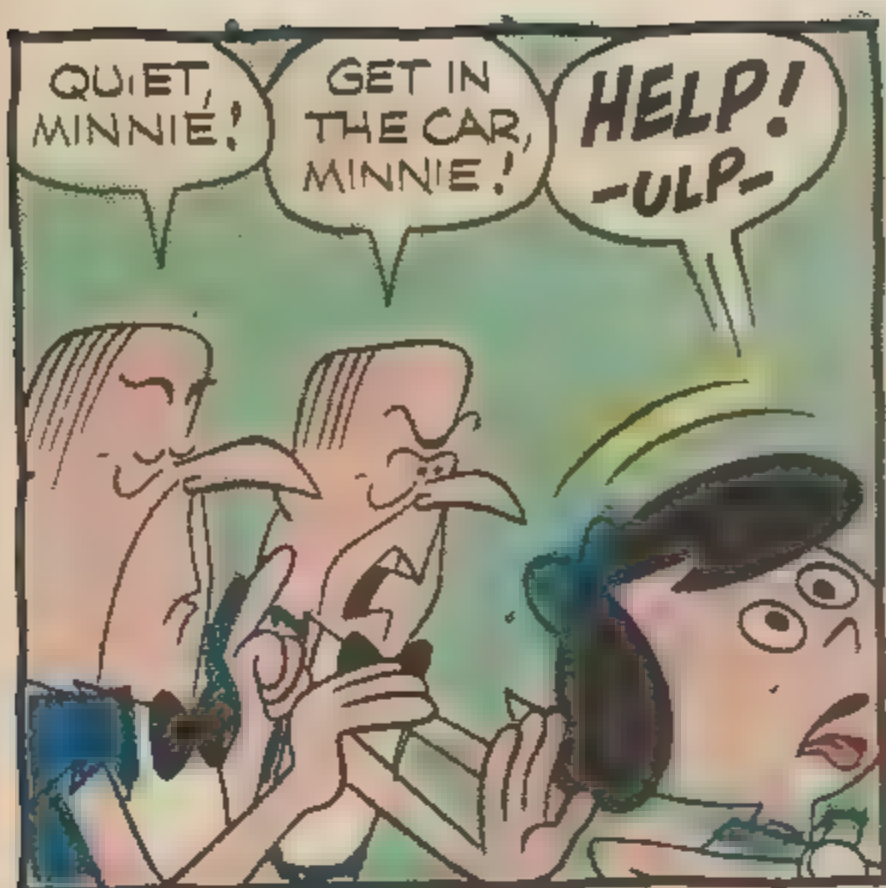


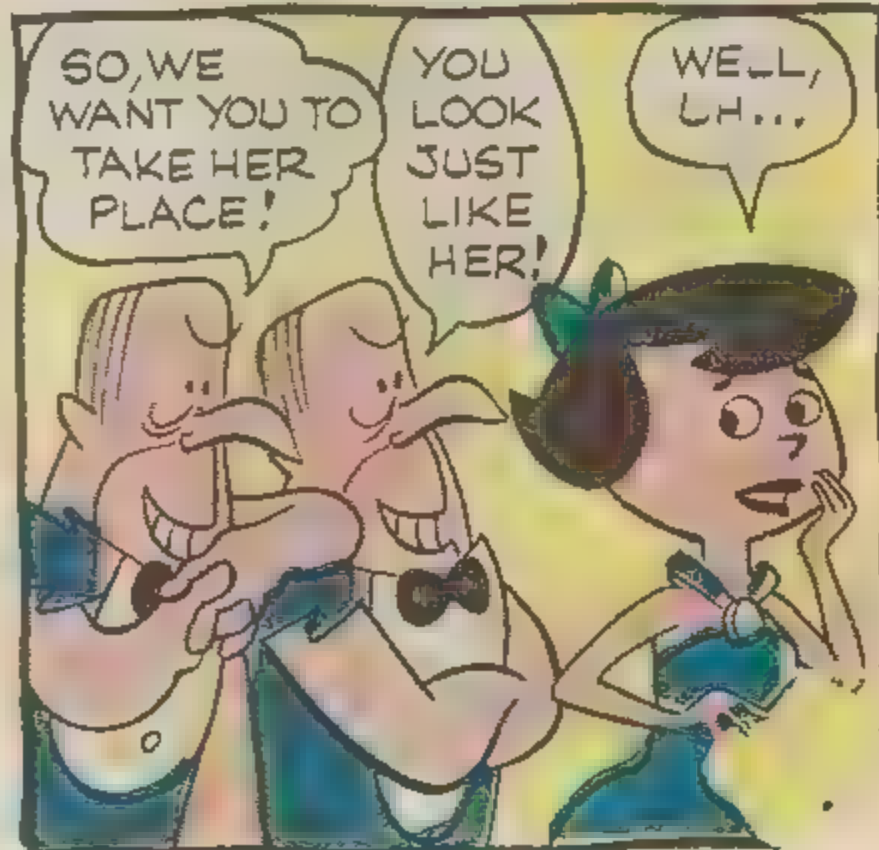
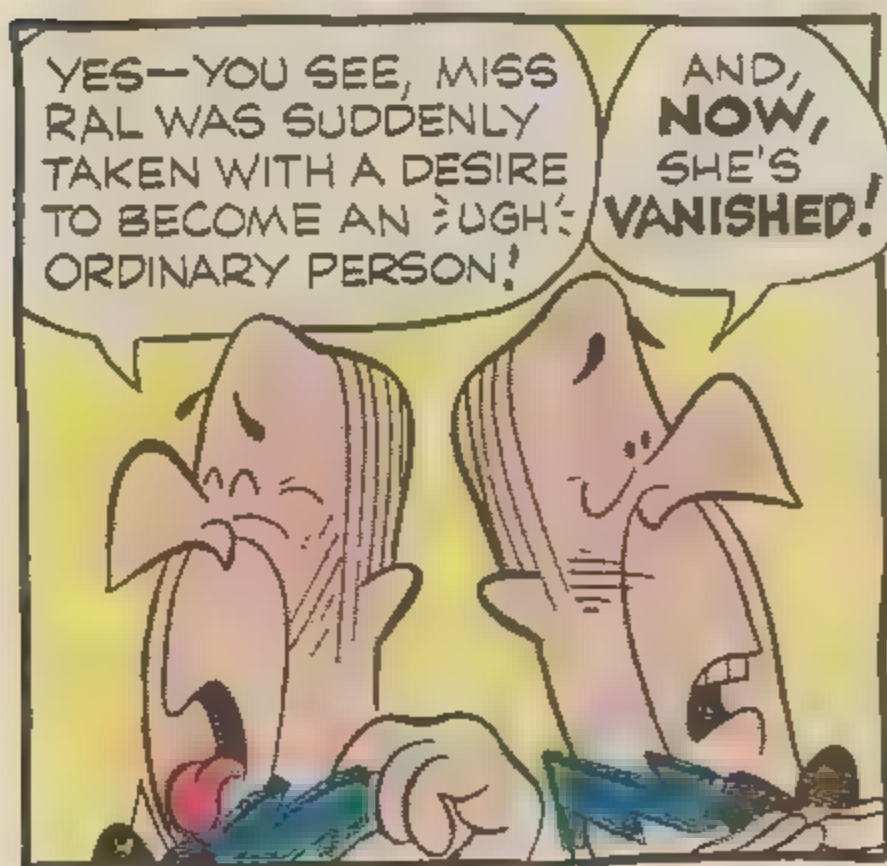
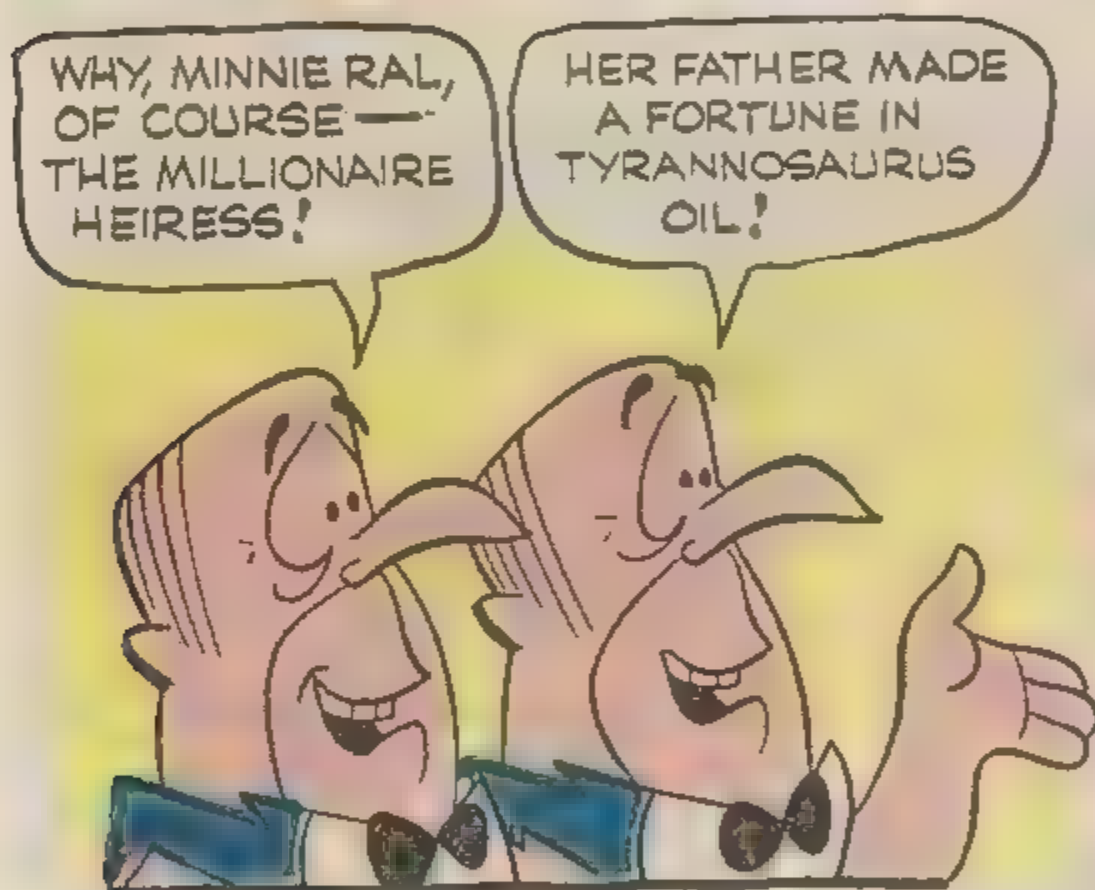
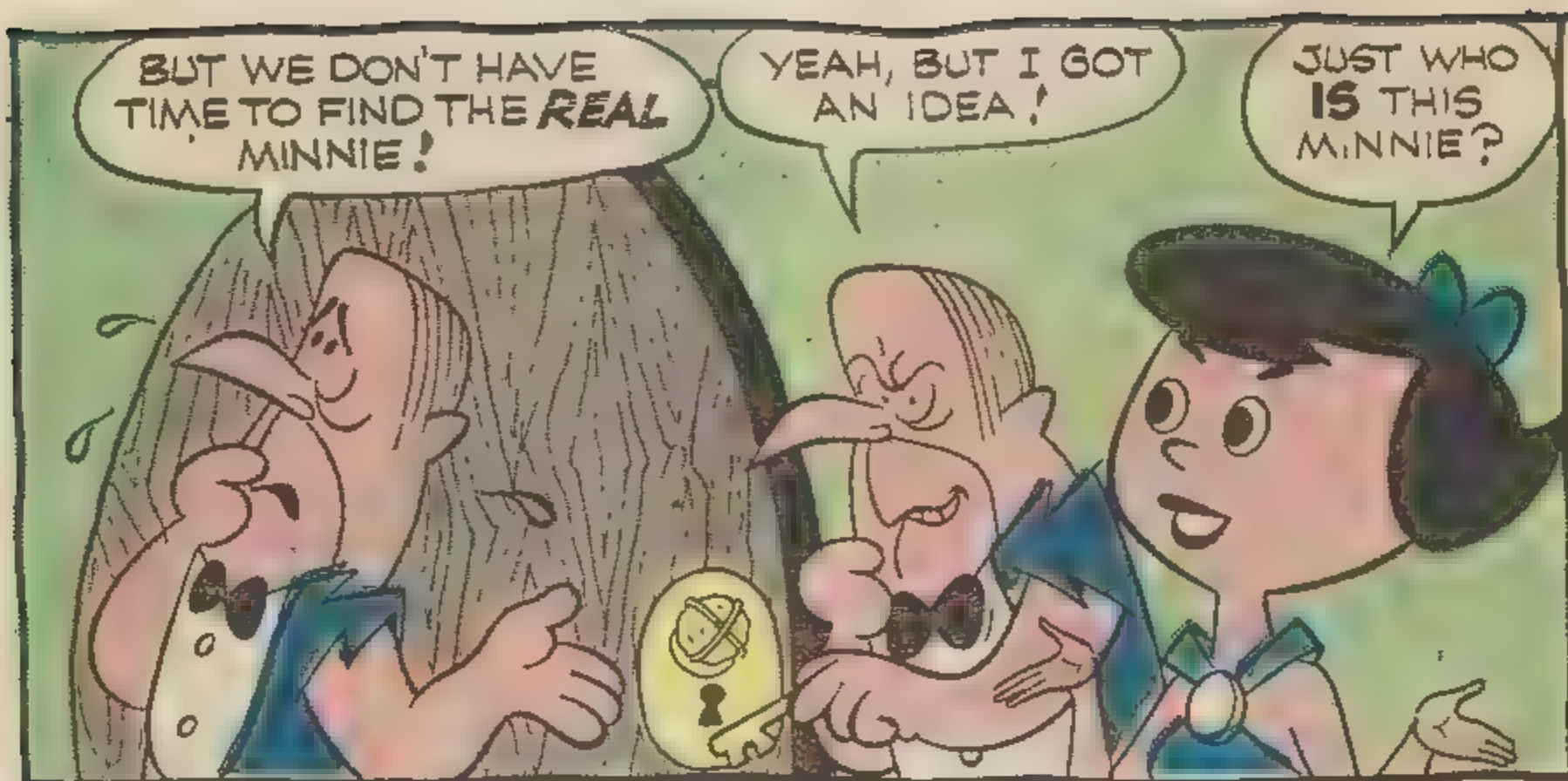
THERE SHE IS—GRAB HER!

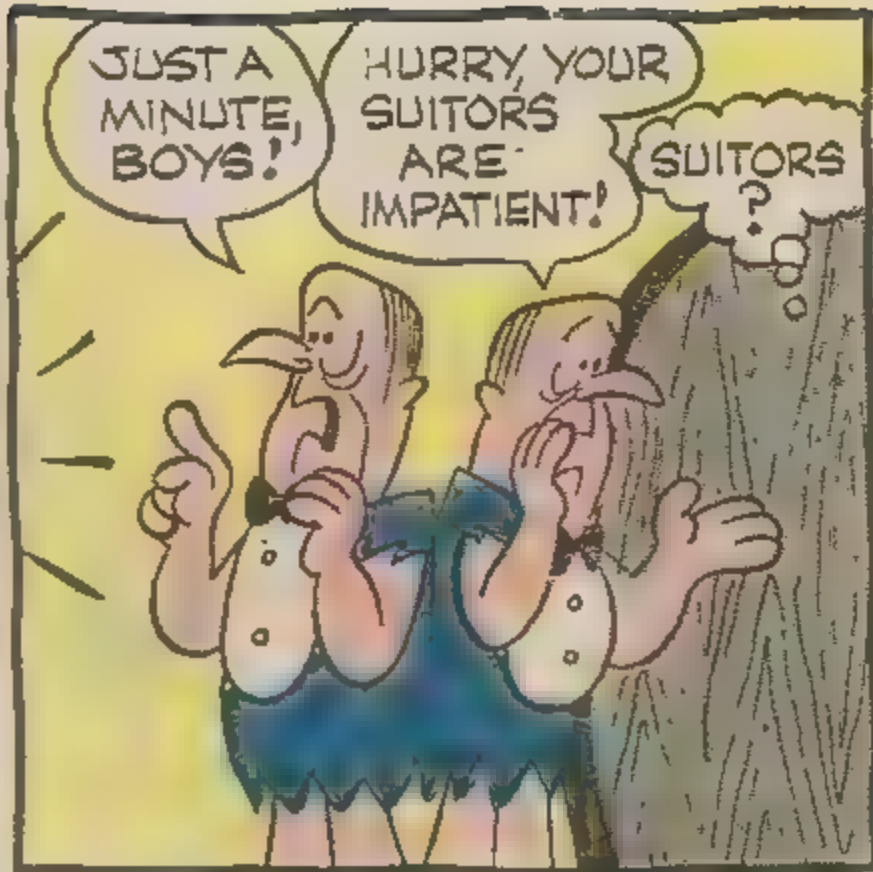
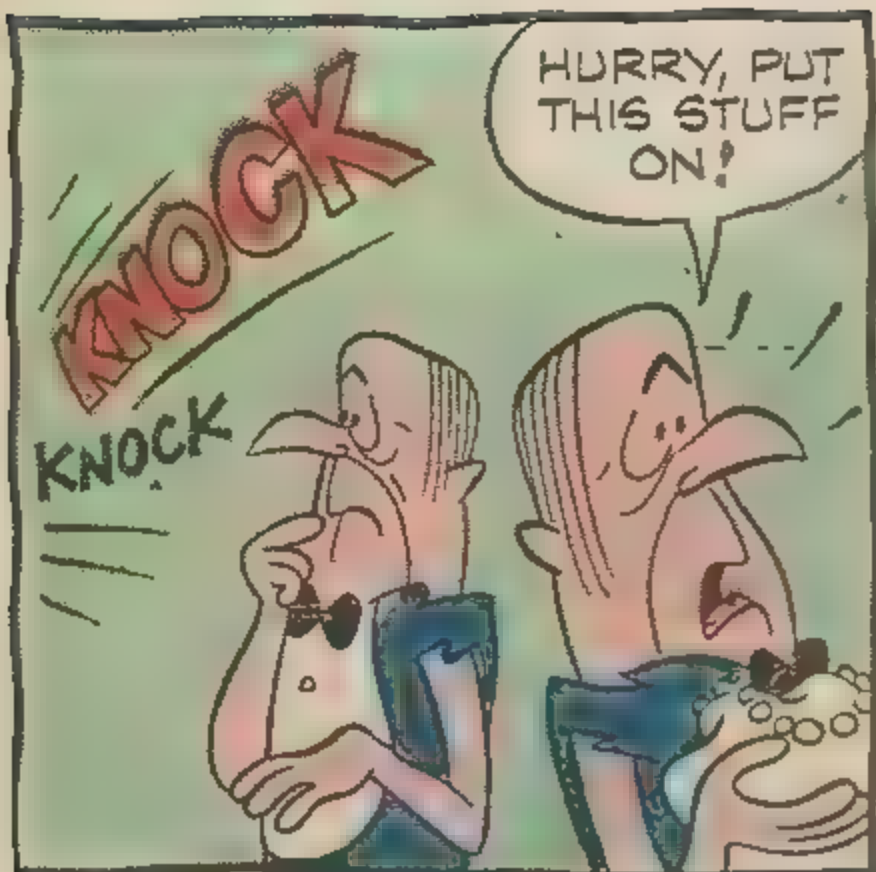


EEEEK!

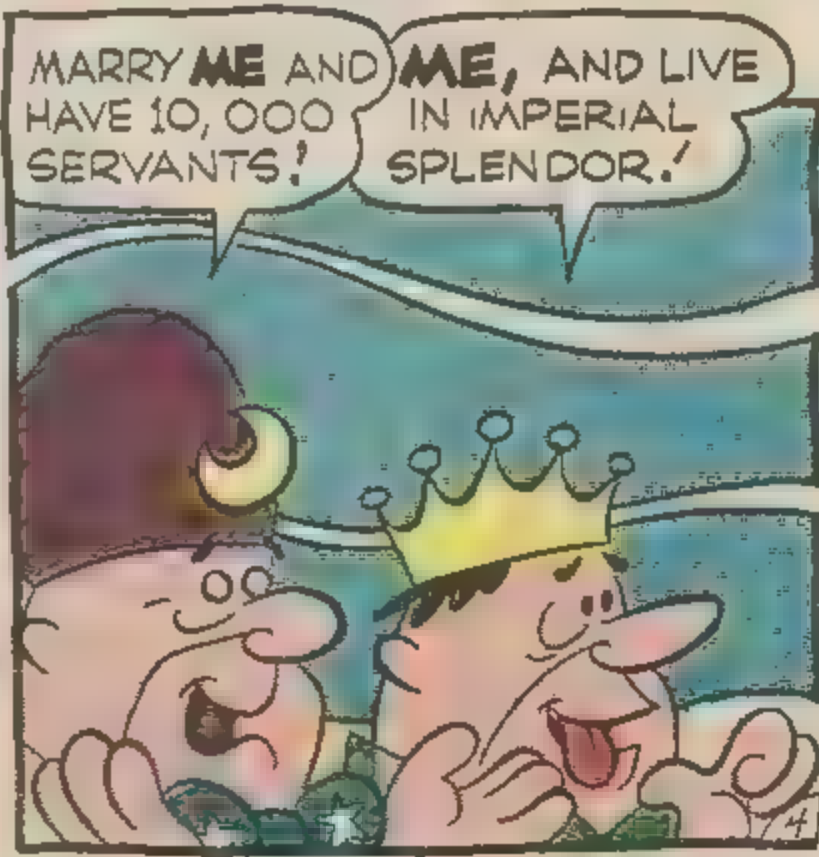
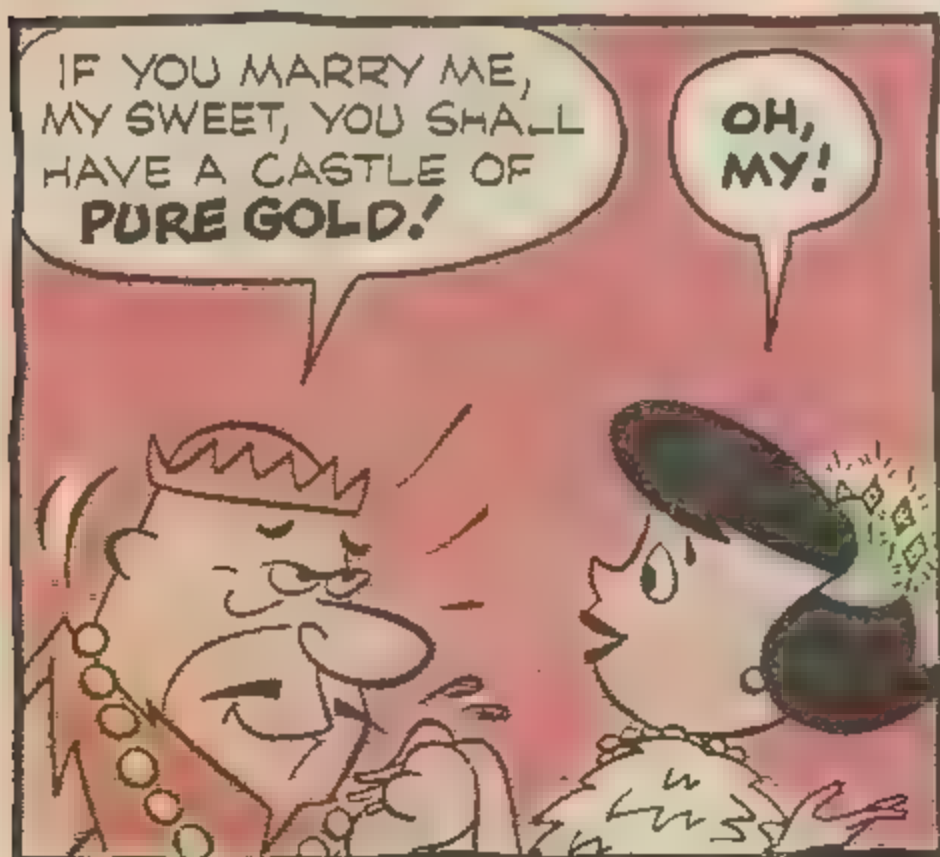
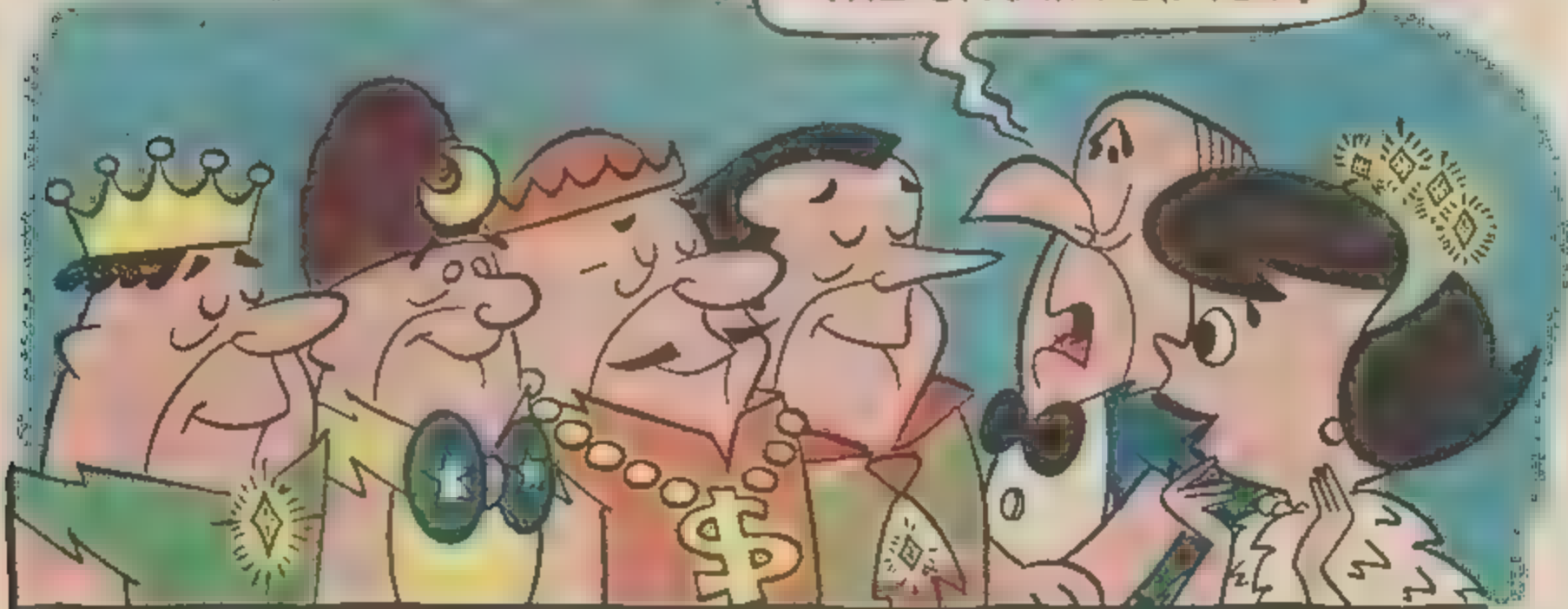




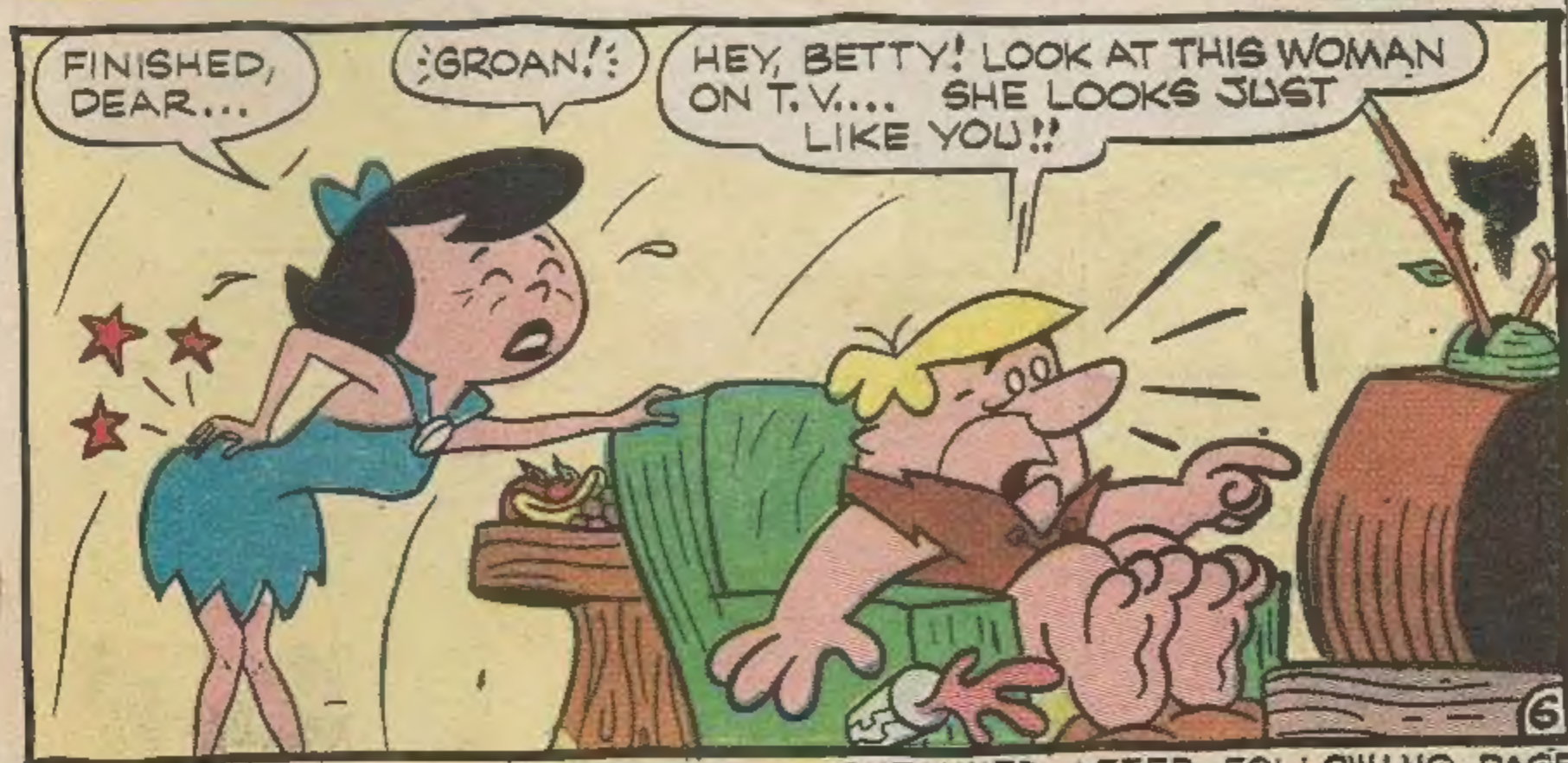




MISS RAL, YOU REMEMBER THE PRINCE OF HORNBLEND, THE SHAH OF ONYX, THE KING OF PUMICE, AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE STRATA STATES!







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